

★ Feb. 10, 1940

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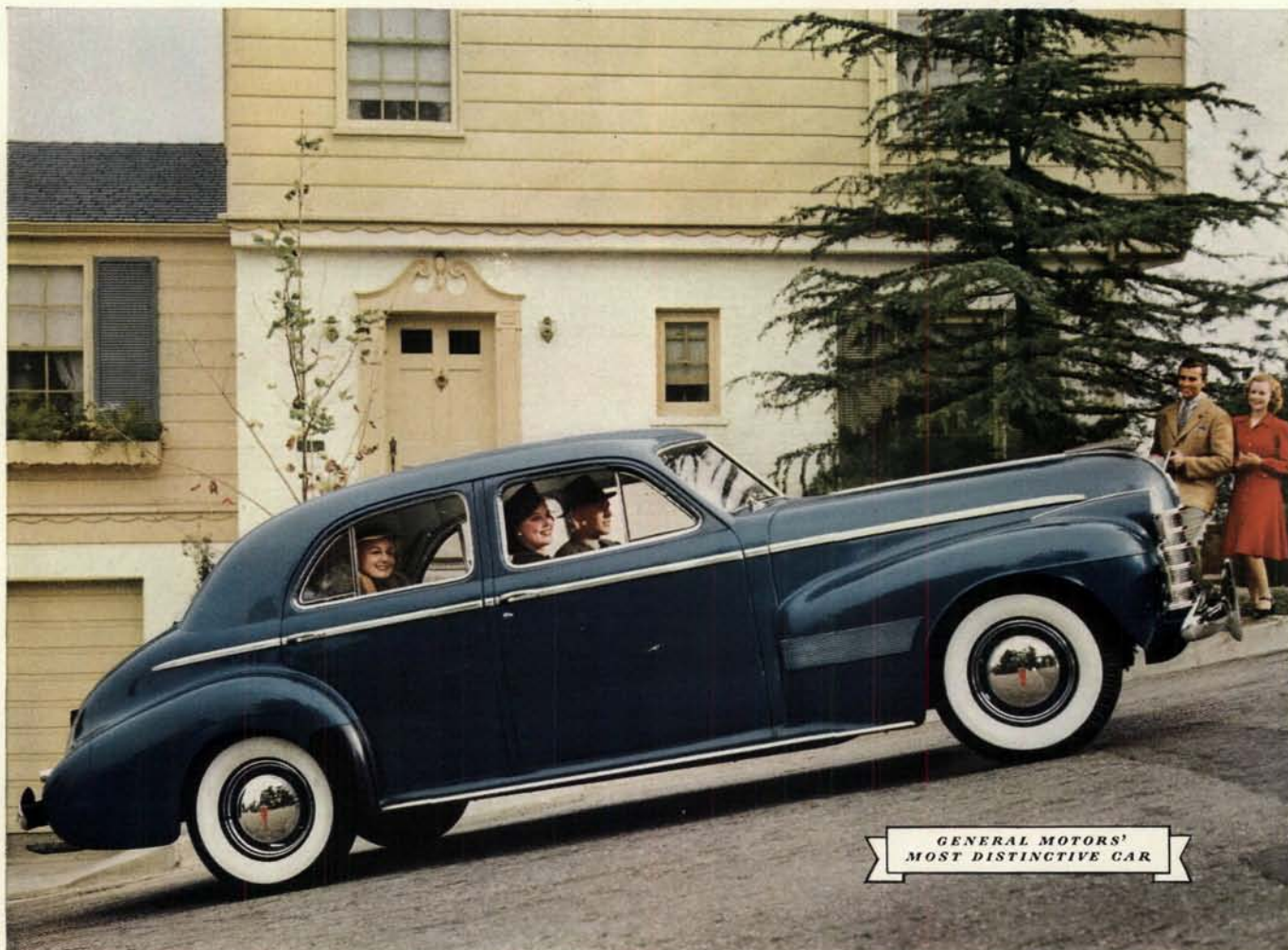
THE NEW YORKER



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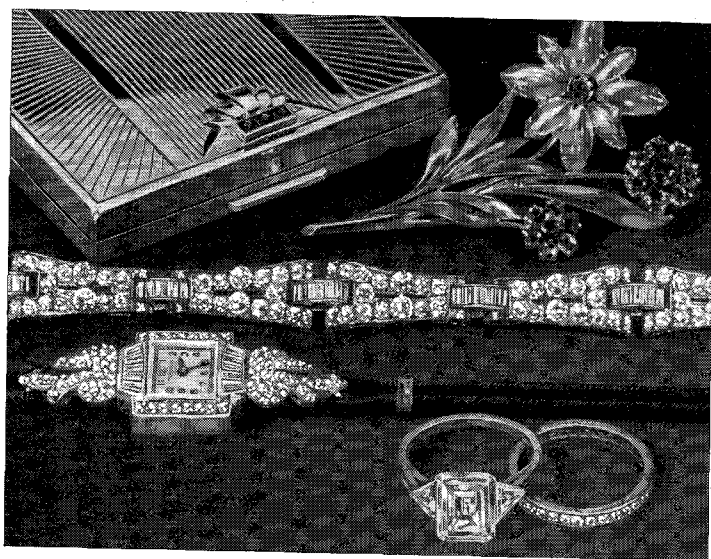
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Next week, as noted below, several regular midweek matinees will be switched to Lincoln's Birthday, Mon., Feb. 12. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, check with the newspapers.)

PLAYS

GENEVA—Bernard Shaw has another look at the European situation but doesn't manage to clear it up perceptibly. Only for his most ardent disciples. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 10.)

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK—Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood make the current revival worth another trip no matter how many times you've seen this O'Casey classic. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

KEY LARGO—Paul Muni carries a great deal of this on his capable shoulders, but Maxwell Anderson's story of the man who tries to run away from being a hero after the war in Spain is pretty darned good. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the late Clarence Day's memories of his family into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—A human comedy about academic freedom—more free than academic, thanks to the light touch of James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, appears in it at the head of an excellent cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York Times dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

MARGIN FOR ERROR—The German consul (Otto Preminger) is shot, stabbed, and poisoned, which ought to be enough to hold anybody. Clare Boothe's melodrama owes a lot to Sam Levene's fine portrayal of a Jewish cop. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mats. Thurs., Feb. 8, and Mon., Feb. 12. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 11, for the Finnish Relief Fund.)

MY DEAR CHILDREN—If you are charmed by the idea that John Barrymore may start shooting out the lights, you may like this otherwise rather tiresome comedy. The rest of the cast apparently is subject to change without much notice. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2667. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Philip Barry's agreeable comedy of an heiress who learned about life from a magazine writer. Katharine Hepburn is splendid in the leading part. Also in the cast are Van Heflin and Joseph Cotten. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

SEE MY LAWYER—George Abbott investigates the legal profession, which doesn't turn out to be quite so funny as it might be. With Eddie Nugent, Teddy Hart, Millard Mitchell, and, beginning Mon., Feb. 12, Milton Berle. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

SKYLARK—A comedy about love and the advertising business which hasn't much to recommend it except Gertrude Lawrence, but that is probably enough. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a revival of the Theatre Guild's production of the Shakespeare comedy. Presented this week only, as a benefit for the Finnish Relief Fund. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 10.)

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—William Saroyan gives Eddie Dowling and Julie Hayden a lot of rather cloudy things to say, but makes up for it with some really first-rate comedy. The action takes place in a waterfront saloon where anything goes. (Guild,

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

TWO ON AN ISLAND—Two hopeful youngsters come to New York and find the going pretty hard. Elmer Rice's kindly though rather stereotyped play, with Luther Adler, John Craven, and Betty Field. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

WITH MUSIC

DU BARRY WAS A LADY—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is beautiful to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being too dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

NEW HELLZA-POPPIN'—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

NEW PINS AND NEEDLES—A new version of the Labor Stage's phenomenal success and still a highly entertaining and instructive revue. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12.)

THE STREETS OF PARIS—A good, rowdy revue by the Shuberts out of "Hellza-Poppin'." The principals include Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, Abbott and Costello, and Carmen Miranda, the beautiful Brazilian incendiary. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 10.)

TOO MANY GIRLS—Love and football at old Pottawatomie, where good girls wear little yellow hats. Fine music by Rodgers and Hart, and very nice singing and dancing by Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, Hal LeRoy, and others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Feb. 14, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Feb. 12. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 11, for the Finnish Relief Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

TWO FOR THE SHOW—A new revue by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis. In the cast are Eve Arden,

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300

EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Richard Haydn, and Brenda Forbes. Produced by Gertrude Macy and Stanley Gilkey. Opens Thurs., Feb. 8. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE UNCONQUERED—A play by Ayn Rand from her novel "We, the Living," with Helen Craig, John Emery, and Dean Jagger. Staged and produced by George Abbott. Opens Tues., Feb. 13. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

FOLLIES BERGÈRE—Clifford C. Fischer's combination of vaudeville and a night-club floor show. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. Eves. at 7 and 9. Mats. at 3, Sat. and Sun. Closes Sun., Feb. 11.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Alexander Haas's orchestra plays lots of Viennese waltzes in the Trianon Room, and Ramon Ramos's band turns out just as many rumbas. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10 p.m.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—George Olsen and his orchestra provide the music and double as comedians in the Bowman Room.

COO ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—One of the nicer small spots, with Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras and the Tisdale Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The zebra has changed its stripes but is still as lively as ever. Arthur Revel's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—Colorful Spanish entertainment in a nautical setting, with music by Pancho's orchestra.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than as an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—One of the best, as you must know by this time. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress required.

MONTFARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth a visit. A rumba band and a quintet supply the music.

NINE O'CLOCK CLUB, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Designed for the younger set, and frequented by it, too. Jack Sherr's orchestra.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—William Scott's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Maurice and Cordoba and Henry King's orchestra provide the entertainment in the Persian Room. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10 p.m.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—The show in the Rockefeller's big and lofty music box includes George Tapps and Eddie Le Baron's band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 p.m. ... Barry Winton's orchestra and Marilyn and Michael entertain in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a new ice show in the stately Iridium Room, where Charles Baum's orchestra plays for dancing. Must dress, at least if you plan to dance.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Bob Grant's orchestra is in the Café Lounge, and there's a magician, too.

SHERRY'S, Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan and his orchestra play for dinner dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—About the only things that ever change here are the tablecloths. Charlie Murray's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

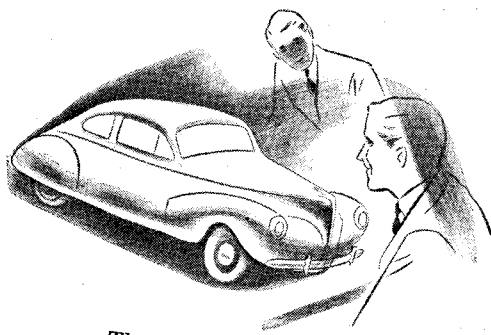
VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Carmen Miranda will be here through Tues., Feb. 13. Panchito's rumba orchestra.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Everett Hoagland's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Empire Room and alternates with Mischa Borr's at supper. ... Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

MISCELLANEOUS—At ARMANDO's, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription \$5.00. Vol. XV, No. 52, February 10, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

Where do the New Styles come from?



SOME ONE, you say, must determine car styles, as Paris or Hollywood or New York determines fashions. Some one must decide the shape of a car's "nose," the length of the body, the slant of the rear deck. Who?

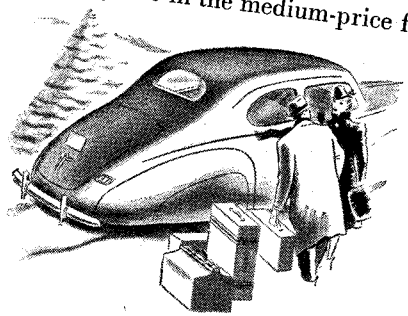
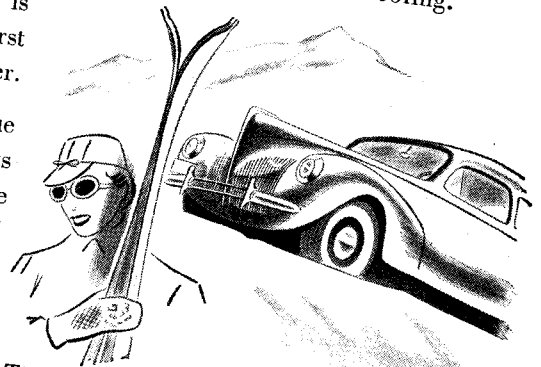
Designers of the Lincoln-Zephyr were not interested in creating new fashions. They sought a certain engineering end. But so beautiful was this car that it set a style pattern for the entire automotive industry!

The radiator grille, in the Lincoln-Zephyr, is placed low. This is "modern." But it is also sound engineering. It permits improved cooling.

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Underlying the outward beauty of the Lincoln-Zephyr is the unique unit-body-and-frame. Engineers chose this truss-type structure for its light weight and great strength. The car's streamlines fit over it like flesh over bone. Here is beauty, yes—but first, advanced engineering!

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Where do the new styles come from? From skilful planning—from custom designer *and* engineer. And, so far as the automotive industry is concerned, from Lincoln-Zephyr. A beautiful car waits to speak to you now of *value*! Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Frank Mandella's orchestra. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): no dancing—you just sit around and listen to Billie Haywood, Vicente Gomez, and other capable entertainers from 11 P.M. on. ... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a very pleasant place to drop in after a concert. Nicolas Mathey's orchestra plays for dancing. ... **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): a new and successful venture, with a Polish orchestra that plays for dancing. ... **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a cozy spot, with Ray Morton's orchestra. ... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a nice-smelling log fire, and incidental music. ... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Bob Crosby's orchestra. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Dick Stabile's orchestra. No dancing Mon. ... **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. ... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. ... **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. ... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. ... **GLASS HAT**, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. ... **KIT KAT CLUB**, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. ... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

PURE SWING—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Mike Riley's orchestra clowning just as hard as it plays. ... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 141 W. 51 (CI 7-9738): let its name be a warning, but there's Frank Newton's orchestra and a team of seven energetic Negroes. ... **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. ... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967): another downtown swing centre, with Zutty Singleton and his band playing nightly, except Mon. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar hideaway, with Clarence Profit's trio.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's Gay Nineties show is now in its second year and still seems to keep the patrons happy. ... **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): well over on the tropical side, except for the vagaries of Matty Malneck's band. ... **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): with Diosa Costello and, at the supper hour, Desi Arnaz. ... **HAVANA-MADRID**, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a lively Latin show. ... **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction. ... **COTTON CLUB**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Maxine Sullivan and Louis Armstrong lead the Negro revue.

HARLEM—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: **SAVOY BALLROOM**, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Ella Fitzgerald's and Erskine Hawkins' bands; and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM**, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Coleman Hawkins' and Claude Hopkins' bands.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). ... Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). ... Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

ART OF TOMORROW, 24 E. 54—This museum, which houses the Guggenheim collection of non-objective painting, begins a series of showings of contemporary American abstractionists with pieces by Gertrude and Balcomb Greene and I. Rice Pereira. Those by Mrs. Greene are particularly good. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

BENNETT—Water colors of Venezuelan scenes by an artist who seems thoroughly at home with his subject: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

BLATAS—A Lithuanian painter, strongly influenced by the Impressionists, shows some sombre but rhythmically designed oils: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 17.

BOUCHÉ—Landscapes mostly, by a painter of great sensitivity and refined style: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 17.

BROCKMAN—Spacious, sombre canvases, with a big modern version of the eviction of Adam and Eve as the keynote of the show: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway, near Grand Army Plaza—Just about the definitive show of paintings and drawings by Eastman Johnson, the now somewhat overlooked nineteenth-century American genre painter. Weekdays 10

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8,
THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.
DAVIES—These oils, from the Frederick Newlin Price collection, are far from being the painter's best, but there are three or four excellent things among them: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

DÜRER—Prints from the Boies Penrose collection, including examples of most of his best-known subjects: Keppel, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 24.

ENGRAVINGS ON GLASS—Twenty-six artists, from Dali to Sidney Waugh, did the designs and the Corning Glass Company executed them on plates, goblets, and urns. A praiseworthy if somewhat chichi attempt to bring art and industry together: Steuben Building, 718 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 2.

FIENE—First one-man show in five years by one of the leaders of the Woodstock group: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

FRENCH—Two grand Utrillos and some fine early Matisse, among others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

GROUPS—At the **BOYER**, 69 E. 57: good things by Burliuk, Liberte, and Guy in a show that has its ups and downs. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. ... **JULIEN LEVY**, 15 E. 57: Dali, Leonid, Berman, Blume, Rattner, and others of this gallery's artists in a lively and interesting ten-year retrospective (1929-39) of their various endeavors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 23. ... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Pk., at 4 Ave.: seventy-odd contemporary Americans in an invitation show of oils which, though it leans heavily toward the academic, contains some nice pieces by Curry, Corbino, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 9.

THE HORSE IN ART—Just about everything on the subject, from a Napoleonic horse trough to contemporary paintings and sculptures, and there are some rare things among the oddities. It's a benefit for the relief of civilians in France: Room 203, 4 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

KLEE—Several of this artist's older paintings and some that are fresh from his studio make one of the most charming collections of his work to come along in some time: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

MAILLOL—First show since 1930 of works by this

great modern sculptor. A retrospective (1900-1938), it gives a stimulating survey of his development: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 24.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave., at 82—In Gallery D 6, a comparative show of heads by sculptors of all periods, chosen from the Museum's collection; in Gallery E 15, animal sculptures and other pieces by Antoine Barye. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Twenty-one paintings, representing pretty near the cream of Italian Renaissance and baroque art, in a loan show originally exhibited at the San Francisco Fair. Concurrently, there's a loan show of modern oils and sculptures, mainly French, that shouldn't be missed either. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through March 24.

O'KEEFE—Twenty-one new paintings of Hawaii: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 27.

SANTO—A modern primitive from Vermont shows some delightful little landscapes, pleasantly varied in color: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

THÉVIN—Nicely planned, soundly handled landscapes: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

TROMKA—Nervous design, vigorous rhythms, and good color in a series of hill-country landscapes: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

WESCHLER—Small sculptures, blocky in design, sharp in contour, and strong in mass: Robinson, 126 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big, comprehensive, and always interesting annual survey of contemporary American painting, sculpture, water colors, and black-and-whites. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 18.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **REINHARDT**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings by the late Jonas Lie, Millard Sheets, and others of the Lotos Club group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: water colors and gouaches by John C. Pellw, Louis Bosa, and Bernard Klonis. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. ... **MORTON**, 130 W. 57: water colors by Alfrida Storm. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. ... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: paintings by Moses Soyer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 19. ... **GRANT**, 175 MacDougal: annual exhibition of the New York Society of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12. ... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by John Nichols. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 1. ... **WALKER**, 108 E. 57: paintings and drawings by Andrée Ruellan. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 2. ... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils by Dorothy Eaton and water colors by Richard S. Daggy. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10. ... **ARTISTS**, 33 W. 8: oils by Lucy Hourdebaigt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 9 P.M.; through Feb. 19.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 11, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 16, at 2:30. (Soloists: Virovai, Feb. 8, 9, and 11; Dorfmann, Feb. 10; Horowitz, Feb. 15-16.) ... **Young People's Concert**, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Feb. 17, at 11. **NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION**—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 10, at 3. (Soloist: Serkin.)

BENEFIT FOR THE BLIND—Lauritz Melchior and the chorus of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:30.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:45. (Soloist: Rubinstein.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Sebastian conducting the Music Project orchestra in the second of two Brahms-Sibelius concerts sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia, with Piaastro and Schuster as soloists: Metropolitan Opera House (PE 6-1210), Tues. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:45.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Stoessel conducting the Bach B-minor Mass: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 14, at 7:30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 16, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 17, at 2:30. ... At the Brooklyn Academy of Music (ST 3-6700), Thurs. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:30.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Nathan Milstein, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30; Sol Kaplan, Mon. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:30. ... Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Perolé Quar-



EARLE HOPPING,

now in his thirtieth year of big-time polo, who can be seen riding in this or that armory almost any Saturday night of the winter. He has been rated as high as ten goals in England, and nine over here. This year he has organized his own indoor team, the Rovers. He was the first Master of the Aiken Hunt, his business is manufacturing airplane parts, and his relaxation is reading comic strips, with special attention to Blondie and Wash Tubbs.



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tet and Sidney Sukoenig, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45.

TOWN HALL—Frank Chapman, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30; John Charles Thomas, Sun. Aft., Feb. 11, at 3; New Friends of Music (Kolisch Quartet, Enid Szanthe, William Primrose, and Beveridge Webster), Sun. Aft., Feb. 11, at 5:30; Clara Rabinovitch, Mon. Aft., Feb. 12, at 3; Hipolito Lazaro, Tues. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:30; Carroll Glenn, Wed. Eve., Feb. 14, at 8:30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—League of Composers (Perolè Quartet and assisting artists), Sun. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:40. (CI 5-8900.)

NOTE—The Composers' Forum Laboratory will present a free concert of new music by Douglas Moore and Henry Cowell, performed by John Gurney, Mr. Moore, and a string quartet, at the New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42, Sun. Aft., Feb. 11, at 3:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Die Walküre," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 8; "La Gioconda," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8; "Tristan und Isolde" (benefit), Fri. Aft., Feb. 9; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Eve., Feb. 9; "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., Feb. 10; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Feb. 10; "Siegfried," Mon. Aft., Feb. 12; "Tosca," Mon. Eve., Feb. 12; "Louise," Wed. Eve., Feb. 14; "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 15; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., Feb. 16; "Die Walküre," Sat. Aft., Feb. 17; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., Feb. 17. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until two days before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Arturo Godoy, for the world heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

INDOOR POLO—At SQUADRON A ARMORY, Madison at 9:40, at 9:30 P.M.: Rovers vs. Squadron A, Sat., Feb. 10; N.Y.A.C. tournament begins Sat., Feb. 17. Junior Division matches start at 8:30 P.M. . . . SQUADRON C ARMORY, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, at 9:30 P.M.: game not announced for Sat., Feb. 10; N.Y.A.C. tournament begins Sat., Feb. 17. Junior Division matches start at 8:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Feb. 8; Americans vs. Boston, Sun., Feb. 11; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 15. Amateur game: Sun., Feb. 11, at 1:30 P.M.

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden, at 8:15 P.M.: N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame, and St. Francis vs. Manhattan, Sat., Feb. 10; N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, and Manhattan vs. City College, Fri., Feb. 16.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 17, at 8:30.

WINTER SPORTS—Dartmouth is holding its annual winter carnival at Hanover, N.H., on Fri. and Sat., Feb. 9-10. . . . Midwinter Figure Skating Carnival, at Lake Placid, Fri. and Sat., Feb. 16-17.

OTHER EVENTS

DOG SHOWS—The Westminster Kennel Club's 64th annual turnout: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Wed., Feb. 12-14, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . Associated Terrier Clubs: 244th Coast Artillery Armory, 125 W. 14, Sun., Feb. 11, 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.

ICE CARNIVAL—A skating show for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund: on the Pond in Rockefeller Plaza, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8, at 11.

SCALE MODELS—The New York Society of Model Engineers' annual exhibition of ingenious miniature trains, ships, airplanes, racing cars, and such: 152 W. 42, Fri., Feb. 9, through Sat., Feb. 24. Sat. and holidays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 10 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Yearly exhibition of news shots by members of the Press Photographers' Association: Empire State Bldg., 5 Ave. at 34. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—Another yearly fixture, this one of interest mainly to hunters and fishermen: Grand Central Palace, starting Sat., Feb. 17; 12 noon to 10 P.M.

PUBLIC BALL—The "Star-Spangled Banner" Ball: at the Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 10.

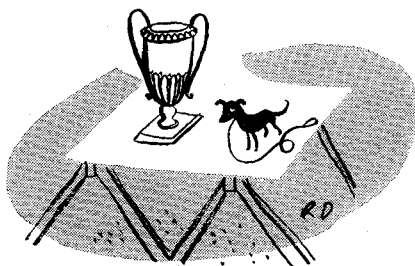
BURTON HOLMES—"More About Sweden," a travelogue: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:30, and Mon. Aft., Feb. 12, at 2:30.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—First editions and autograph letters, from the libraries of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sedgwick and the late Charles Arthur Carlisle: Thurs. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2. . . . English and American furniture, porcelains, silver, and rugs, belonging to Mrs. James Cunningham, Joseph McInerney, and Mrs. Herbert C. Wright: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 9-10, at 2. . . . British, French, and American paintings, from the Rodman Wanamaker collection and other sources: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking on the 30th anniversary of the Boy Scouts: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8, at 10:30, WABC, WJZ, WOR. . . . Addressing the American Youth Congress: Sat. Aft., Feb. 10, at 12:30, WABC, WEA, WJZ, WOR.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8,
THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

BOXING—Joe Louis vs. Arturo Godoy: Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 10, WJZ.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"La Bohème," with Sayao and Pinza: Sat. Aft., Feb. 10, at 1:55, WJZ.

ROBERT VIROVAI—Soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 11, at 3, WABC.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Feb. 11, at 9, WABC.

FRANK MURPHY—The new Supreme Court Justice speaking at the Boston College Law School's anniversary dinner: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 15, at 10:15, WABC.

RACING—The McLennan Memorial, at Hialeah: Sat. Aft., Feb. 17, at 4:15, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . John B. Kennedy, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 7:15, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

TELEVISION—Soccer game, Sun. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2:30, W2XBS.

NOTE—Programs of modern American music performed by American artists will be heard daily, beginning Mon., Feb. 12, at 6 P.M., over WNYC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Great Singers Series, 9, WQXR. . . . Bing Crosby, 10, WEA.

FRIDAY—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

SATURDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 9:30, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Walter conducting, 10, WJZ. . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEA.

SUNDAY—Perolè String Quartet, 12 noon, WOR. . . . "Pursuit of Happiness," 4:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEA. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEA. . . . "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 10, WABC.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEA. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Raymond Scott, 9:30, WABC. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEA.

WEDNESDAY—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEA.

MOTION PICTURES

DESTINY RIDES AGAIN—Dietrich sings again, too, in this superb, rambunctious Western. With Una Merkel, James Stewart, and everything but Indians. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 8-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Thurs., Feb. 12-15. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Feb. 13-17.)

ENTENTE CORDIALE—With Victor Francen as Edward VII, this shapes up into a smart French film of the old ceremonious days in Europe. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—Ginger Rogers in a frilly comedy. No dancing. (Normandie, Park at 53; starting Fri., Feb. 16.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—The first half is the better one, but there are some high moments toward the end of the second part, too. You might just as well go. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—A beautiful, successful treatment of James Hilton's story of a master in an English school. With Robert Donat. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Thurs., Feb. 8. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Thurs., Feb. 15.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—The finest of them all. A superb screening of the Steinbeck book, and essential for everyone. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER—A trivial absurdity

which happens to be quite bright. With Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Thurs., Feb. 8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Feb. 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 10-12.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—Medieval Paris in a series of beautiful camera shots and a hit-or-miss story. With Charles Laughton and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 8-12. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 13-15. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 14-15. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Thurs., Feb. 15.)

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Frank Capra's sketch of the capital, especially of the Senate, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart as consequential figures in our government. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Thurs., Feb. 8. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 10-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Fri., Feb. 16.)

NINOTCHKA—A charming and witty comedy—Garbo's first—with delightful lines and a general Lubitsch lightness. Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas are also in it. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Feb. 9. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., Feb. 8-11. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 9-12.)

NURSE EDITH CAVELL—A very fine film of the famous Cavell tragedy, with Anna Neagle in the title rôle. Also with Edna May Oliver, May Robson, and ZaSu Pitts. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 8-10.)

PINOCCHIO—Walt Disney's second feature-length film, and another delight for us. It is of Colodi's little puppet and all his trials. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49.)

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—Just a big costume show, except for Bette Davis and her truly Tudor tricks. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 10-12.)

WE ARE NOT ALONE—An English country doctor and his tragic story; with Paul Muni. Perhaps monotonous at times, yet generally engrossing. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 10-12. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 11-14.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ—Disappointing to discriminating grownups but probably O.K. for the kiddie trade. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 9-11.)

THE WOMEN—Clare Boothe's uproar, with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell, and not one quiet moment. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Thurs., Feb. 8.)

REVIVALS

BERKELEY SQUARE (1933)—With Leslie Howard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 13-14.)

CAREFREE (1938)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 13-14.)

CAVALCADE (1933)—Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 15-16.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Feb. 9. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 13-14.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 9-11.)

JUAZEE (1939)—Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 12-14.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1935)—Edna Best, Nova Pilbeam, Peter Lorre, and Leslie Banks. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 13-14. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 15-16.)

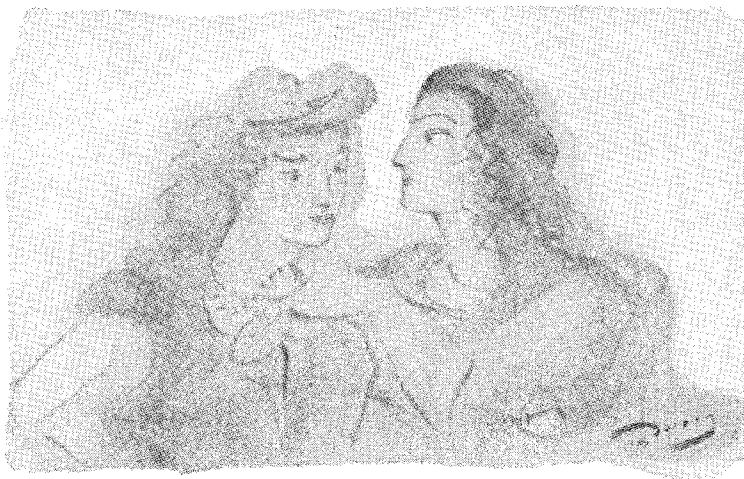
100 MEN AND A GIRL (1937)—Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 11-12.)

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 12-13.)

TRADE WINDS (1937)—Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 8-10.)

ZAZA (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 8-9.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting the following foreign films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), Thurs., Feb. 8. . . . "Maedchen in Uniform" (1931), Fri., Feb. 9. . . . "Fährmann Maria" (1936), Sat., Feb. 10. . . . "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1909), "The Revenge of the Kinetograph Cameraman" (1912), "Moment Musical" (1913), and "Father Sergius" (1917), Sun., Feb. 11. . . . "Kino-Pravda" (1922), "Kombig Ivanov" (1923), "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906), and "Potemkin" (1925), Mon., Feb. 12. . . . "The Cloak" (1926) and "By the Law" (1926), Tues., Feb. 13. . . . "Chess Fever" (1925) and "Mother" (1926), Wed., Feb. 14. . . . "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Thurs., Feb. 15. . . . "Arsenal" (1928), Fri., Feb. 16. . . . "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), Sat., Feb. 17.



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Doubt that the sun doth move
Doubt truth to be a liar
But never doubt I love."*

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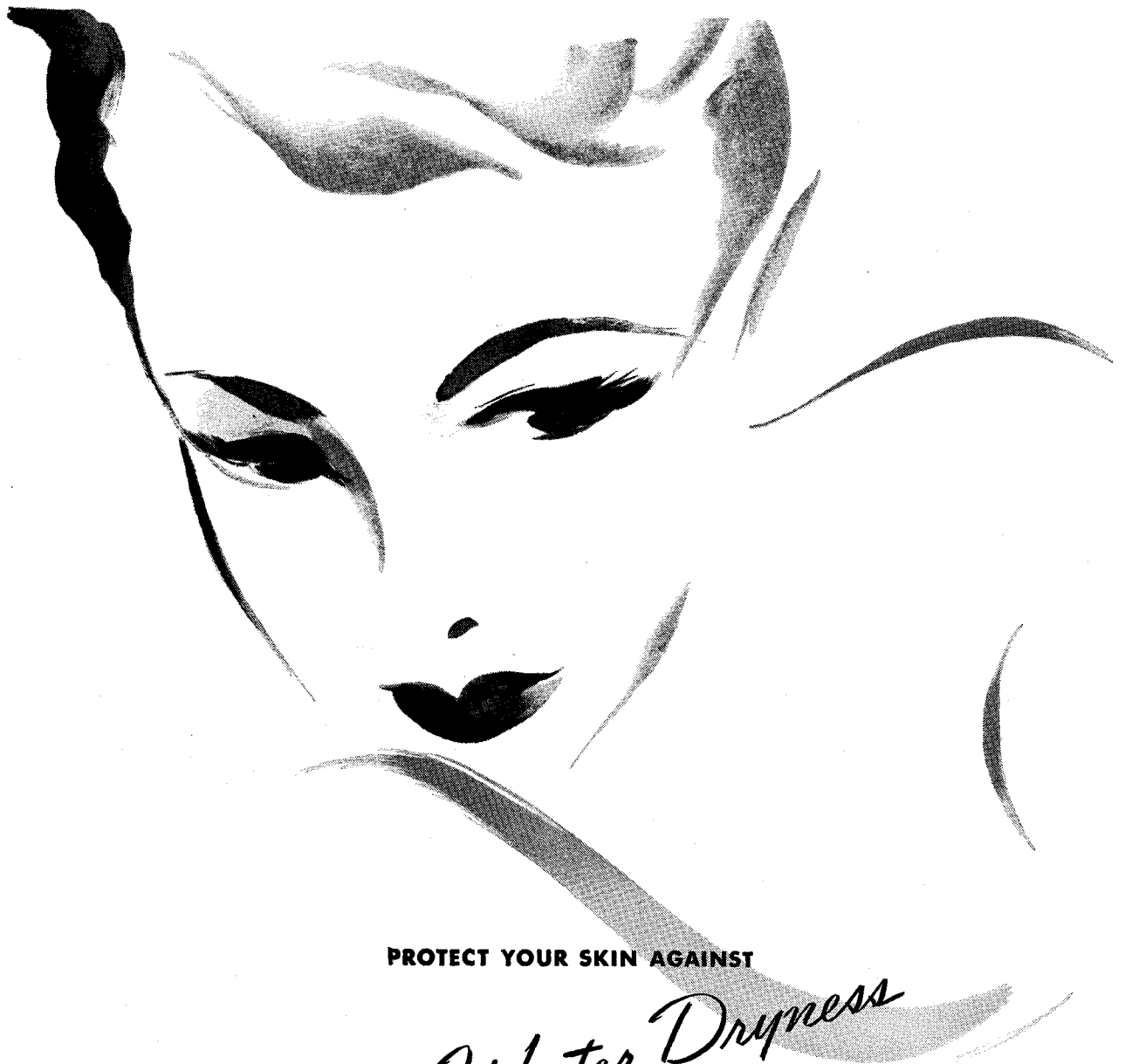
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Gene of the Colony

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IN ALL THE WORLD, NO OTHER
Coffee LIKE THIS

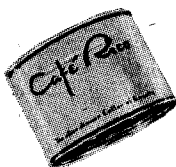


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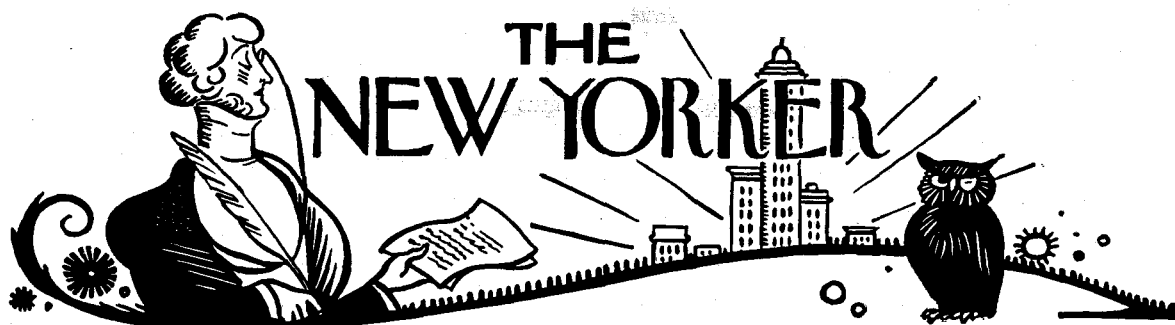
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Havre de Grace, Md.....Jos. Good & Son
Houston, Tex.....Minimas Corp.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Guy Montani Fancy Gro.
Jackson, Mich.....Henry's Pure Food Shop
Jackson, Miss.....Jitney Jungle No. 14
Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
Joplin, Mo.....Ramsey Gro. Co.
Kansas City, Mo.
Bacher-Cunningham Gro. Co.
Klamath Falls, Ore.....Pine Street Market
Knoxville, Tenn.....Lem Anderson Co.
Lake Forest, Ill.....Janowitz Fine Foods
Lansing, Mich.....The Flower Shoppe
Lincoln, Nebr.....Beachly Bros.
Little Rock, Ark.....Downtown Food Palace
Los Angeles, Calif.....Young's Market Co.
Manchester, N. H.....J. Ferretti
Miami, Fla.....Walker-Skagseth
Minneapolis, Minn.....Dayton Co.
Morristown, N. J.....The Sunny Side Grocery
Newark, N. J.....Giordanno Bros.
New Haven, Conn.....L. Bamberger
The Edward Malley Co.
New Orleans, La.
A. M. & J. Solari, Ltd.
New York, N. Y.....Gristede Bros. Stores
Daniel Reeves Stores
Esposito Bros.
R. H. Macy & Co.
Oak Park, Ill.....Strickland's
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Wilson's Mart
Omaha, Nebr.....Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.
Oshkosh, Wisc.....Lennon Bros.
Palm Beach, Fla.
J. H. Butterfield Co.
Pasadena, Calif.....Oxford Market
Jurgensen's Fine Foods
Peoria, Ill.....Grimm Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Bros.
Thos. C. Fluke Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne Co.
Kaufmann's Dept. Store
McClements Inc.
Pittsfield, Mass.....Kelsey's Market
Portland, Ore.
Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Lucky Platt & Co.
Princeton, N. J.....Bannan's
Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Heironimus Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sibley Lindsay & Curr Co.
Royal Oak, Mich.
Huntington Woods Market
St. Louis, Mo.....Mercantile Grocery Co.
Stie Baer & Fuller Co.
St. Paul, Minn.
Golden Rule Dept. Store
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Cunningham Sumner Co.
San Diego, Calif.
Hamilton's Fine Foods
San Francisco, Calif.....L. D. McLean Co.
San Jose, Calif.
Palmer's Quality Food Center
Savannah, Ga.....Smith Bros.
South Bend, Ind.....Arcade Market
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield Public Market
Statesville, N. C.....Friley's Food Stores
Toledo, Ohio.....La Salle & Koch Co.
Topeka, Kans.....Fritton Gro. Co.
Tulsa, Okla.....Fike's Food Store
Utica, N. Y.....Planter's Grocery
Washington, D. C.....Magruder Inc.
Burka's
Watertown, Mass.....Star Market Co.
West Los Angeles, Calif.
Westwood Village Market
Wichita, Kans.....Geo. Innes Co.



THAT LONGER LINE in jacket suits for spring . . . lithe, lovely, infinitely flattering. Altman applauds its crisp, clean-cut perfection in covert cloth, newly significant in Federal buff or grey. Sleek enough, slim enough to wear right now under fur coats, new enough to be the conversation piece of your spring wardrobe. 12 to 20, 45.00. Altman suit shop . . . third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

COLD everywhere. The temperature was six below at Babylon and the Great South Bay was frozen tight. Five thousand motorists were snowbound in Virginia, and the smudge pots were burning down in Georgia. Winter tourists to Nassau met with a temperature of fifty-five, and might just as well have stayed in New York. The most peculiar behavior, however, was noted among the birds. All over Dixie, birds fainted and fell on people out of trees. Bewildered flocks of wild geese and ducks came



down in the main street of Rehoboth Beach, in Delaware, with a thin coating of ice on their wings, like the Spirit of St. Louis. In Wichita, Kansas, the meadow larks, instead of inspiring the local poets, took to lighting on the backs of cattle and eating them alive. Some time ago, in this magazine, we aroused ornithologists everywhere with an article pointing out that all birds were stupid, hysterical, and vicious. We rest our case.

THE snow charts the papers print for the information of skiers make good reading. We like to read that the skiing is good at Bellows Falls, with the sky cloudy, the temperature twenty-four, and fine, powdery snow on an icy base. They would be even better, we think, if they were written by Pare Lorentz, who made the names of rivers into a marching song. Skiing good at Minerva, skiing good at Tamworth and Ossipee, good at Ludlow and Warren and Barre, skiing good in the Franconia

Notch . . . Let Mr. Lorentz go on from there. It ought to be easy for him, and a lot of fun for the rest of us.

WE read a letter to Doris Blake in the *News* a little while ago. A young woman of eighteen was complaining because her mother kept trying to make her go out with a friend of the family, "an old man of thirty-seven." She had better things to do, she said, than assist this wreck around the streets, better things to listen to than his antique and lecherous prattle. Miss Blake agreed with her warmly, and so do we. Youth ought to stick to youth. Once, when we were eighteen, we went out with a dear old lady of about thirty-five and she swiped our watch. That cured us.

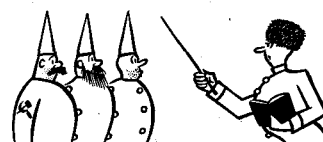
WHEN a not so terribly young couple we know had a son a few years ago, one of the prettiest presents they got was a miniature football sweater from the preparatory school that had fired Daddy during the first World War. A touching custom, they thought, and probably not bad for future enrollments, either. When they had a daughter this winter, the presents included a handsome silver cup, bearing the child's name, from the big, powerful restaurant that used to sell Mummy gin during prohibition. This touched them even more, and somehow or other it gave them a happy picture of the future,



too. Educators and restaurateurs, more in tune with the heartbeat of America than any other men, see the trend clearly. The boy of tomorrow, strong, serious, and not very bright, will be playing football on a windy field; the

girl, wise beyond her years and warm, will be waiting for him on Fifty-second Street, drinking her wine from a silver mug.

FORTY Russian prisoners, taken by the Finns at Suomussalmi, flunked an information test. Resigned to death, they were lined up against a wall and questions were fired at them. That they proved themselves remarkably vague—



one man thought Berlin was in France—neither interests nor surprises us. We detect an inkling of the millennium in this contest, a faint prophecy of the Golden Age. No longer will a man come to be dictator by force of oratory, propaganda, or political machination. He will rule because he knows who wrote "Casey at the Bat" or "The Night before Christmas." The military engagements of the day will be exchanges of acid wit, delivered with gaiety, backed by authority. The pride of the race will be the experts, the Kierans and Levants. The booty (formerly land and power) will be Encyclopædia Britannicas. It will be a mighty age. We intend to wait around for it.

WE were lying in bed the other morning, trying to remember the words to "Margie," when the telephone rang and the voice of an educated woman asked to speak to our secretary. Since our secretary is also the cook and apt to be busy, we asked if we'd do. The voice was clearly not accustomed to talking to the kind of people who answer their own telephones, but we got the facts out of her.

"Well," she said doubtfully, "this is Mr. S.'s secretary. Mr. S. would like to

know whether to wear black or white tie at the China Dinner."

We had never heard of Mr. S. or the China Dinner and we were, as we've said, busy with our memories.

"Kimonos," we told her shortly. "Everybody's wearing kimonos."

"Goodness," she said. "I don't think Mr. S. realizes that."

"You'd better tell him then," we said, and hung up. In a way, lying there, we were pleased with the whole conversation. Our only regret was that we'd never know what Mr. S. *did* wear to the China Dinner. We thought about it off and on all morning.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Canary Cottage, a Village restaurant, has named its combination sandwiches after famous painters. The van Gogh is sliced turkey, sweet relish, lettuce and tomato, Russian dressing, and crunchy bacon.

Motorists passing through New Altoona, Pennsylvania, may (for all we care) stop at La Frinke Hotel, E. Boyd Frink, Prop.

A hat shop in the British Empire Building at Radio City occasionally puts a sign in its window saying, "*Ici on parle un peu de français.*"

Trilloquist

IT may start a rumpus among whistlers if we say that Robert MacGimsey, whom we met this week in his apartment at 145 West Fifty-fifth Street, is the only one of them who can perform in three-part harmony, but that's what we understand. Mr. MacGimsey (pronounced with a soft "g," or, as he told us, "like Jack Dempsey, only it's MacGimsey") is a slender bachelor of thirty-four who threw away the first twenty-nine years of his life whistling in one-part and two-part harmony. Five years ago he suddenly realized that he could whistle in three parts, and since then he has had many radio engagements and won the praise of Mishel Piastro, the Philharmonic's concertmaster, who said, "He makes the violin envious." Mr. MacGimsey accomplishes his tripartite feats by emitting three tones in such amazingly swift succession that they sound simultaneous. He has no idea what makes this possible. "Nature just put it there," he told us, and when we asked him if he couldn't amplify this a little, he said, "Well, it's the way I constrict my throat, and you might say I overblow. But more than anything,

I just think the music and it comes out." Some professors at N.Y.U. examined his vocal apparatus scientifically three years ago, making sound tracks, recording vibrations, and taking photographs of his mouth, which looked just like the photographs of any single-part whistler's mouth. The professors didn't arrive at any substantial conclusions, and Mr. MacGimsey became so nervous he couldn't whistle for a month. Fortunately, he recovered in time to appear at a musicale in the White House, at the end of which Mrs. Roosevelt said she'd never before heard anyone whistle like that.

Mr. MacGimsey is by no means merely a whistler. He composed "Shadrach," the spiritual which has become a jitterbug staple. It's one of twenty-two pieces he has done, all stemming from his attentiveness to Negro spiritual singers when he was a boy in Pineville, Louisiana. His works have been sung by John Charles Thomas, Nelson Eddy, Kirsten Flagstad, Lawrence Tibbett, and himself. Mr. Tibbett was so impressed with MacGimsey's delivery that he said, "When he sings Negro songs, his face turns black and his hair gets kinky." As a boy, MacGimsey learned piano, violin, and singing from his mother, a music teacher. Nobody had to tell him how to whistle. In 1925 he went to Washington as secretary to Senator Ransdell of his home state, and studied law in off hours. He returned to Louisiana three years later and started to practice in Lake Providence. He had hardly begun his career when a singer named Gene Austin heard him whistle at a local soirée and insisted that they go to New York together and make a record of "My Blue Heaven." Mr. MacGimsey agreed, and when he was done went back to his law office. So many radio offers came from people who had heard the record, though, that in 1930 he abandoned the legal profession and set out for New York again. N.B.C. featured him as a "harmony whistler." About this time he composed "Shadrach," which was a complete flop until it caught on as a swing song seven years later. Mr. MacGimsey worked diligently at his new profession and could soon whistle



Brahms' "Lullaby," Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois," and the violin parts of Mozart's violin-and-piano sonatas. Sanka Coffee and the Magic Key of R.C.A. have both benefited from his peculiar prowess, and he has done all right, too. Two years ago, tired of being known as a harmony whistler, he adopted the title "trilloquist," which is his own coinage.

Limited

HOLLAND's exhibit at the World's Fair included a number of small glass churches, each marked with the name of a certain denomination. You could peek in and see communicants in each of them. One pious lady who saw the exhibit last summer was so fascinated by it that she got to thinking it would be nice if some religious organization over here could buy the little glass churches, or have copies made. She wandered into the main office of the Bible Society, at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue, with this dreamy plan and was brought up short by the attendant who received her. "We're not interested in religion," the attendant said. "Just Bibles."

As Others See Us

ANYONE who wants to find out how the world looks to an animal can drop in at the Museum of Natural History, where they have, after earnest research, fixed up a series of dioramas showing familiar scenes as they would appear through the eyes of different creatures—dogs, turtles, fishes, flies, baby giant pandas, and whatnot. The way it works, roughly, is that you first see a scene as it appears to normal human eyes; then, when you press a button, the lighting of the diorama is altered, the viewpoint changed, and you get the turtle's slant, or whatever. This, we found, is uniformly depressing. Dogs, for example, are color-blind. Put them in a room with Louis XV furniture and beautiful draperies, and all they see (and all *you* see at the Museum) is dull gray, with a lousy perspective at that. To add to their troubles, they have no pattern sense, and can't distinguish a wide stripe from a narrow one. Immediately, upon learning this, we hunted up a Museum official, Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, who is Curator of Experimental Biology, and asked him how he knew all this, not being a dog. He said the discovery that dogs are color-blind was facilitated by a standard piece of experimental equipment called

the Yerkes-Watson discrimination box. A dog faces two doorways, one lighted by a red bulb and one by a green. Food is put behind the green bulb, which, with the same amount of current, gives a brighter light than the red. He learns to make for the doorway with the intenser light. However, if the lights are regulated so that they are equally intense, he can't distinguish the green one. The same trick performed with wide and thin stripes proves he can't distinguish between them, either. (Never mind if you don't understand this.)

Flies have "mosaic eyes," which, as we understand it, break a scene up into little dots—very confusing. They're so myopic, too, that if they're on your hand they can't see as far as your face. Dr. Noble told us about following a young turtle down a Long Island highway last year, trying to distract him from his intention of going into the Atlantic Ocean. "He didn't want moisture, he didn't want a small area of light, he didn't want odor," Dr.

Noble said. "He wanted a large body of water." The turtle finally went off into the sea, and Dr. Noble went off to report that turtles like large bodies of water because the light is stronger over them than over land. You can get a pretty good idea of how things look to a fish by getting under water yourself, as several hardy scientists have already done.

These discoveries are not all recent, Dr. Noble told us, nor are they all findings of Museum attachés. The Museum's exhibit is simply a concrete and popularized version of rather common scientific knowledge. It has never been attempted before, and is now possible only because of the WPA, which is furnishing the labor. Right now, for another exhibit, the WPA workers are

making a large model of the brain of a bird. That has never been attempted before, either.

Gordian Knot

NOTHING could possibly be so disturbing to a couple who have driven in from the suburbs for dinner and the theatre as to return to the parking lot to find a big, tightly locked car blocking the entrance, with the attendant apparently away having a midnight snack. This was the situation at a midtown parking lot one night this week. A dozen or more homebound couples arrived, two by two, and just stood around miserably in the cold. At length, however, a patron of the lot appeared who did no muttering. He was a brisk, sober-

looking young man who went directly to his car, warmed up the motor, and drove to the exit. Then he hopped out, without so much as a glance at the others, smashed one of the windows of the offending car with a monkey wrench, released its hand brake, and pushed it out of the way. Returning to his own car, he put the wrench away, climbed in, and drove off down the street. The other drivers followed him, happy sheep who had at last found a leader.

Secklers

THE most completely stocked tobacconist's in town must be Secklers Tobacco Shop, in the heart of the Bowery at 7 Chatham Square, where it has been tucked under the "L" since





"One thing more. How's the neighborhood?"

1920. Its proprietors estimate generously that they have a million items on hand, of which seventy-five, to speak of finite things, are various kinds of snuff. These range in price from eight cents for an ounce-and-three-eighths tin to a dollar for a one-pound jar. Three-quarters of Secklers' ordinary tobacco business is wholesale, but their snuff trade is largely retail. People who take snuff are a fastidious, and small, group, and as a rule will accept only their one favorite brand. During our visit, for example, we saw a lady who insisted on Red Seal and wouldn't be satisfied until Benny Seckler, one of the family that runs the establishment, searched through the entire store for it. He found it. Some snuff comes from Italy, but most of it is shipped from the Carolinas and sold in the main to Southerners. Two of the firm's best customers are a pair of Virginia belles who are commissioned by their mothers to pick up twenty-five ounces every time they come North. A few snuff buyers sniff their snuff, but the majority chew it. An enterprising

minority use it as a garden spray. They buy it by the pound, soak it in water, and employ it to destructive advantage against worms and bugs.

Secklers is a jumbled, tile-floored shop full of boxes, cartons, and shelves, which were crowded, when we were there, not only with smoking supplies but with shaving equipment, clocks, a second-hand typewriter, and a jar of salad dressing. The place is run by Benny, along with his brother Harry, his cousin Izzy, and Izzy's son Morris. Morris and Izzy, who was a baker in Brooklyn until he decided to go into the tobacco business merely for the sake of change, are technically Spielfogels, but they look upon themselves professionally as bona-fide Secklers. The family is assisted by a gaunt, inarticulate fellow named Joe, who turned up one morning in 1924 and just stayed, like something out of "You Can't Take It with You." Joe began as a handyman and proved so handy that he is now the only man in the world who can confidently search for any of the myriad uncatalogued wares

his employers keep in a storeroom upstairs.

Among the bizarre products downstairs were Matchless cigarettes, which are self-lighting; Zydunns, which are supposed to be an aid to reducing; and Menthorets, the mentholated cigarette that "eases while it pleases." There were Stellas and Sole Mios, brands popular with the neighborhood Italians. The Secklers haven't done any importing since the war began, but they had enough European goods stored up then to last six months or more. In the past their importing sometimes amounted to two thousand dollars' worth of stuff a week. Many of their foreign cigars and cigarettes come from Custom House sales of confiscated shipments. The store's clients include a banker who purchases Monopole and Abdulla cigarettes (at eight cents each), a Long Island farmer who smokes variously Rooster, Level Head, Plow Boy, and Mrs. Miller's pipe tobaccos, and a Hollywood comedian who recently ordered twenty dollars' worth of cigarettes, no two packs alike, for his tobacco collection. The most surprising customer the firm ever had was a thrifty Dutchman who invariably wore a Prince Albert and a derby, and came in every week for a plug or two of the cheapest chewing tobacco. When he died a few years ago, the Secklers were stunned to read that the police had found \$250,000 in his closet. They feel much more warmly toward Jimmy Hines, who, even when he was in the Tombs, used to send over for Corona Coronas.

Eligibility

IT evidently isn't so hard as you might think to become a member of the Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The by-laws dealing with eligibility are explicit and full of hope for all of us: "Any male person above the age of eighteen years, of good moral character and reputation, shall be eligible to membership in the Society of Colonial Wars, provided he be lineally descended in the male and female line from an ancestor."

Wind and Water

TOO many buildings in this city were erected without the slightest regard for devils. The Chinese manage things better. In China, when a building is to go up, a geomancer is called in to pass on the site. A geomancer is a practitioner of *fung sui*—a doctor of the

wind and the water. He corresponds roughly to our architect, except that he has a better grasp of the situation.

This much you know if you read Carl Crow's book, "Four Hundred Million Customers." Mr. Crow made the statement that geomantically the Empire State Building is in a very dangerous condition, while the Hotel New Yorker is fine, and this eventually got us started to Chinatown, where we found an old retired geomancer named Loo Chan, whose father practiced extensively in China and who himself once had hopes of practicing here. A good building, he says, must be designed to repel and confound evil spirits. Demons avoid pagodas, national banks and trust companies, and running water. They are stupid and fly always in a straight line. Therefore it is possible to plan your building accordingly. Take, for example, the New Yorker Hotel. An evil spirit, flying at the New Yorker Hotel at a low altitude, would crash into surrounding buildings and become baffled. If it flew at a high altitude, it would be met by the house spirit of the New Yorker, which, from its perch on a setback, would grapple with the demon. You never hear of anybody in the New Yorker Hotel getting boils, or scurvy, do you? Well?

The Empire State Building, on the contrary, violates every principle of *fung sui*. It is the butt of all the wandering devils in midtown Manhattan. From about the thirtieth story up, it rises perpendicularly, a vast unprotected expanse, no surrounding obstructions, no pagodas, no running water—except the occasional flow in the lonely lavatories. No place for the house spirit to perch until you get clear to the top. You notice that all that middle section of the building is vacant, don't you? Well?

Since learning about geomancy, we study every building we pass with an eye to its vulnerability. We have noticed that the Chinese Consulate (in fact, our geomancer pointed this

out) is in a cozy spot in Radio City, strategically located behind a setback and enjoying the beneficent influence of St. Patrick's, a nearby pagoda. There is also a good deal of running water in the fountain. The Japanese Consulate is wide open. It is in the Salmon Tower and is in the path of devils working north from Lord & Taylor's. The Waldorf is well-nigh impregnable. It has St. Bartholomew's, the Chemical Bank & Trust Co., and a fire station, which makes a lot of noise and scares spirits off.

Loo Chan says there is no chance of a *fung-sui* practitioner making a living in New York now (some years ago he went into the rice-cake business) because Chinese don't build buildings or bury their dead here. (Locating graves is really the principal task of the geomancer; a proper grave should be on a hill, near a stream and a pagoda—like Grant's tomb.) Residents of Chinatown are content with the narrow, winding streets of their district. Makes it tough for devils, and if the neighborhood engine company isn't kicking up a rumpus, you can always shoot off firecrackers. The Chinese revere the art of *fung sui* because of their desire to have everything on their side.

They think this life is a peculiar one.

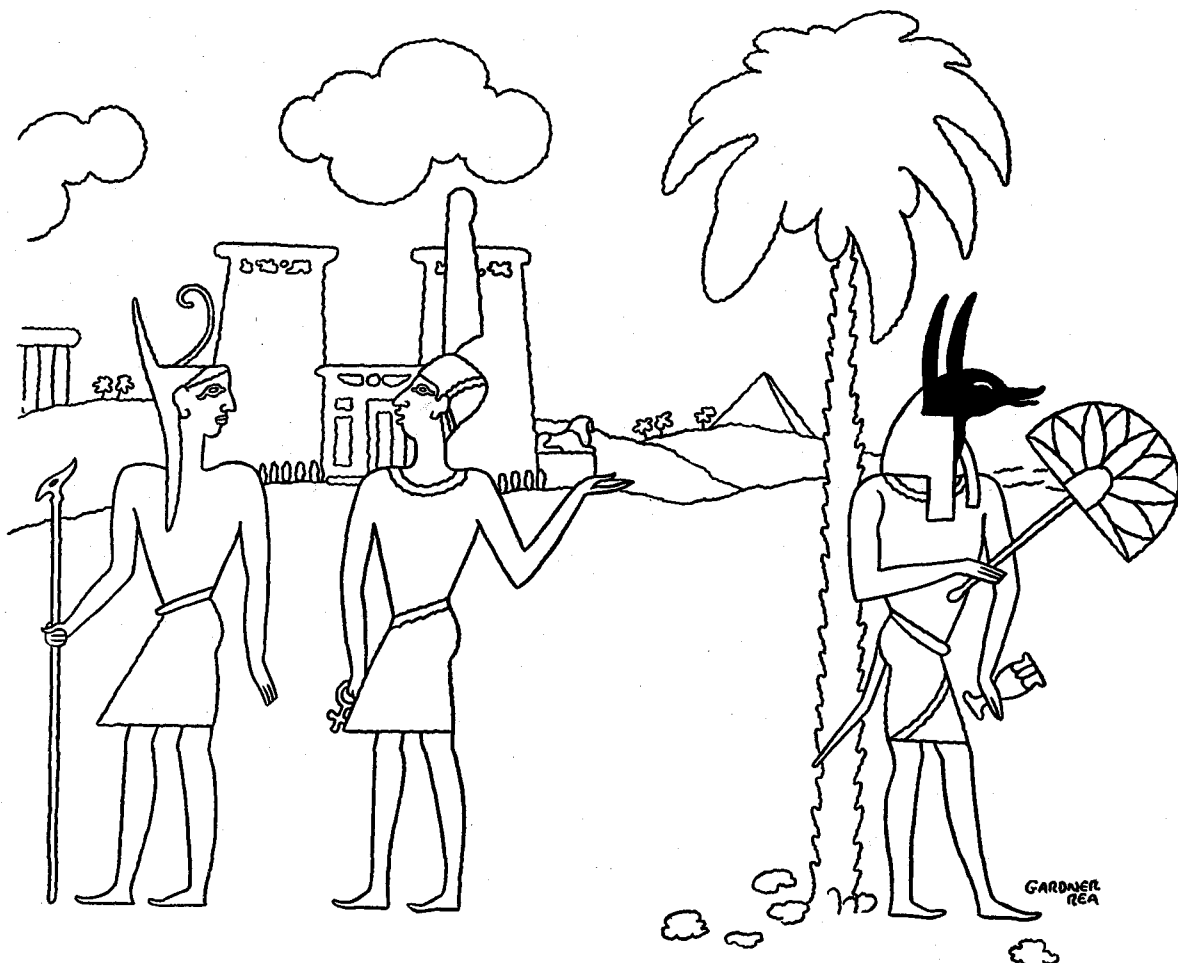
We are sorry to say that our own office building is badly planned. Spirits skirt around the Guaranty Trust Company and come in across a parking lot. There are continual distempers and fevers. We asked the receptionist the other day if she was ever troubled by devils getting off the elevator.

"You mean the ones that have been to art school?" she replied, sullenly.

We noticed she had a racking little cough.

Informal

HERE'S a glimpse, if you're interested, into a little-known side of the radio business. "The Pursuit of Happiness" is a Sunday-afternoon program put on by C.B.S. out of its own pocket, just to keep the audience happy. Well, on a recent Sunday the program called for a male chorus. As the performers were filing into the studio before the show, one of the chorus members turned to a friend, a completely bald friend, and said, "Hey, you forgot your toupee." The bald one shrugged. "I should wear a wig?" he said, scornfully. "On a sustaining program?"



"Odd sort—young Aten-Hitoph!"



"We're experimenting with decoys, sir."

BLEAK MOMENT

(MR. S. N. BEHRMAN'S CHARACTERS FIND THEMSELVES ON THE HORNS OF A RATHER UNUSUAL, THOUGH FASHIONABLE, DILEMMA.)

(The scene is the grand ballroom of a quadruplex apartment overlooking the East River. When the curtain rises, Dirk van Nostrand and his wife, Joyce, are waltzing to the strains of an invisible orchestra. The light reflected up from the river gilds the room, making it look very expensive, as indeed it is.)

JOYCE (urbanely): There is a certain distinction—a rather ghastly distinction, if I may say so—in the way your lady love arranges her hair. Of course, I imagine being almost totally bald *would* be stimulating to the ingenuity.

DIRK (icily): She is not at all bald. Her hair is merely extremely fine.

JOYCE: She is as bald as an egg. I often wonder why the man of talent should be so relentlessly attracted to the grotesque. It is like the gourmet's taste for the quite unspeakable cheese. Inexplicable to the normal palate. But to return to Persis, I have, as you know, no prejudice against adultery. If you are able to find happiness in fondling that—that *doorknob*, I can only say how fortunate you are. Such a simple whim, and so simply gratified.

DIRK: I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have never considered Persis's—er—contactual aspects. I do, however, find her mind extraordinarily provocative.

JOYCE: Her *mind*? How morbid!

DIRK: Naturally, I don't expect you to grasp it, but there *are* women here and there with larger vistas than the counterpane. Persis is a highly intelligent and sympathetic companion. I should probably never have written "The Mantle of Audubon" without her.

JOYCE: It would probably have been just as well.

DIRK: I see. You are indifferent to serious intellectual effort? You prefer my usual vein—my paeans to ladies' undergarments?

JOYCE: Infinitely. As an advertising man, you have some dignity and importance, even a certain brilliance. As an ornithologist, as the Peeping Tom of the bird sanctuaries, prying into all their disgusting little mysteries, I must confess I find you slightly absurd.

DIRK (passionately): Oh, my God! Levy! Urbanity! Sophistication! The eternal, childish cynicism of the woman of the world! The dance on the sinking

ship, but what a vulgar and preposterous version of it—the shag on the Albany night boat!

JOYCE (reflectively): In a way, I suppose you are right. It is rather impertinent of me to criticize your behavior. After all, your life is your own. If you choose to spend it lurking in the underbrush, spying on grackles, it is entirely your own affair.

DIRK (ironically): Thank you.

JOYCE: Not at all. I would like to add, however, that I have no intention of allowing this house to be turned into an aviary or, what seems more likely, a taxidermist's establishment. As long as you confined your activities to the spare room in the penthouse, I had no particular objection. I must admit that the idea of Persis living up there, surrounded by her birds and her herpicides, was a little disconcerting. Messy and, though I hesitate to mention it, a bit smelly. A New York apartment, after all, is not the most suitable place to maintain a vulture.

DIRK: I presume you mean the cormorant? There is a definite distinction.

JOYCE: I have no idea what you call it. I mean the thing that has obviously never quite finished digesting a fish. It makes very little difference. I was willing to overlook all that. I must protest, though, against this latest phase.

DIRK: What latest phase?

JOYCE: This general spreading out. It is distinctly a nuisance not to be able to use one's own bathroom because Persis is blowing out eggs in it, and it is really quite exasperating, I assure you, to find a partially and very crudely dismembered pigeon in one's bureau drawer. Furthermore, amateur studies in vivisection seem a little out of place in the kitchen. Mrs. McCarthy has been quite upset about it. I'm afraid she is incapable of the scientific approach, poor thing. She considers it unwomanly of Persis to assassinate a bird if she has no intention of eating it.

DIRK: I can quite understand that Mrs. McCarthy would be hostile to the spirit of inquiry, to any attempt to extend the frontiers of human knowledge. It is the traditional attitude of the peasant. I must confess that I am some-

what surprised that you should share it. Persis—

JOYCE (dangerously): I gather that Persis feels as you do about my intelligence?

DIRK: Quite frankly, she does.

JOYCE (impassively): I see. In that case, I can only suggest that you marry her.

DIRK (wildly): By God, I will!

(They are interrupted by the entrance of Persis. She is laden down with a curious assortment of nets, cameras, binoculars, air guns, traps, and tin cans, presumably containing worms or bread crumbs. She is only partially bald.)

PERSIS (ecstatically): Dirk! The tomtits are nesting in the Mall!

JOYCE (frigidly): I beg your pardon?

DIRK: How delightful! Are there many of them?

PERSIS: Oh, thousands! Acres and acres of lovely, flashing wings! I brought you one. It was singing in a bush. I crept up very softly.

JOYCE: While its back was turned, I have no doubt. How treacherous. Quite like Benedict Arnold.

DIRK: You are not amusing. You are repulsive.

PERSIS: Here, take it, Dirk. Feel its tiny heart.

DIRK: How wonderfully tender you are!

JOYCE: Yes. Isn't it touching? How soon do you expect to operate, Persis? Your little knives and things are in the pantry, but I'm afraid you'll find them rather dull. Unfortunately, Mrs. McCarthy mistook them for nutpicks. Of course, if you *will* leave them lying around—

PERSIS (tearfully): How *can* you, Joyce!

DIRK: Don't pay any attention to her, dear. Her soul is like a bargain basement, full of nasty little odds and ends. Nothing beautiful or valuable wanted.

JOYCE (grimly): At least it isn't an abattoir.

PERSIS: Oh, you are cruel, unjust, monstrous. I will not be humiliated and degraded by you. I am going to my room, Dirk. Please come to me when you can.

DIRK: Yes. Wait for me. I have something to discuss with Joyce.

PERSIS: Oh. You've told her?

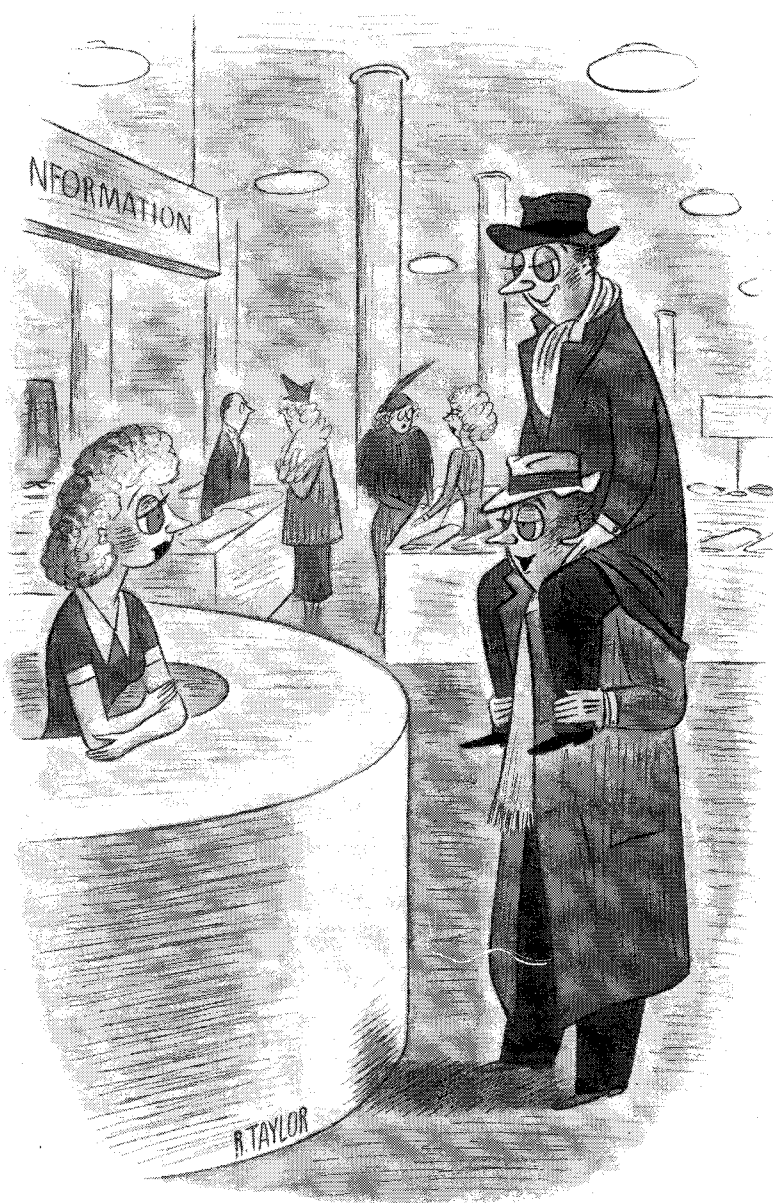
DIRK (briefly): Yes.

JOYCE (feelingly): He has indeed. It was quite nauseating.

PERSIS: Then—then I'd better go.

JOYCE (indifferently): I suppose you had, and hadn't you better take your





"Surfboards?"

bird with you? It would give you something to do. At least you could start on it.

PERSIS: Oh, you are vile! (She rushes out in tears, leaving Dirk holding the tomtit.)

DIRK: She is quite right. You—are vile.

(There is a very long silence, during which it is possible to hear the coughing of the tugs on the river and, very faintly, the eerie, distant harmony of the birds on the roof. This quiet interlude is broken at last by the entrance of the cook, Mrs. McCarthy. She is a fierce, rotund Irishwoman, who might conceivably be played by Alexander Woolcott.)

MRS. MCCARTHY: Finally I have come to the end of me patience.

JOYCE: What's the matter, Mrs. McCarthy?

MRS. M.: An' what would be the matter? 'Tis that Miss Persis again.

DIRK: What about Miss Persis, Mrs. McCarthy?

MRS. M.: She is attemptin' flight, sir. 'Tis against nature.

JOYCE: Ah. Successfully, I trust?

MRS. M.: No, Ma'am. Far from it. 'Tis fortunate we'll all be if she don't bring down the house, a-swoopin' an' a-floppin' round the way she is. "Here I come, Mrs. McCarthy," says she, though 'tis more like a screech, an' off she goes from the top of the bureau.

JOYCE: The bureau? What bureau?

MRS. M.: In Mr. Dirk's own room, if you please. It is a fair mess already,

what with his clothes all spilled from the drawers, not to mention the springs from the bed. "God love you, Miss Persis," says I, "you'll be after breaking your neck!" "Not I," says she, a-climb-in' back up on the bureau. "'Tis only the details of the thing I have yet to master."

DIRK: My God, she's mad! Your insensate cruelty has driven her mad.

JOYCE (coolly): Oh, I doubt that. She's probably only trying to attract attention. These improperly adjusted women—

DIRK: Your detachment is hateful. (There is a terrific crash overhead, and a large piece of plaster drops from the ceiling.) God, what was that?

MRS. M.: Miss Persis, I've no doubt at all.

JOYCE: Yes. Apparently some of the details still escape her.

MRS. M.: 'Twas a mortal loud sound. Will I be investigatin', Ma'am?

JOYCE: If you please. You might explain that the building appears to be collapsing. Politely, of course.

MRS. M.: Yes, Ma'am. (She goes out.)

DIRK: This is intolerable. What can we do?

JOYCE: I'm sure I don't know. Would it be too insensate of me to suggest the Police Department? Spring 7-3100, I believe. Or perhaps the Audubon Society.

DIRK: It seems brutal, heartless, but—

JOYCE: Of course, if you care to spend your life taming this bald-headed eagle—

DIRK: No. No. It's out of the question. (He goes to the telephone and starts to dial just as Mrs. McCarthy re-enters the room.)

MRS. M.: An' what will you be up to, sir?

DIRK (wearily): I'm telephoning the police. There seemed nothing else—

MRS. M.: The police, is it? 'Tis the coroner himself would be more suitable, I'm thinkin'.

DIRK (aghast): What? What was that you said?

MRS. M. (solemnly): I think Miss Persis will finally have learned to fly, sir. Up to the very Throne of Grace.

JOYCE: Not really? How very pushing of her.

DIRK (softly): She's gone, then? Well, I think she would have wanted it this way. She belonged somehow to the air. (He replaces the receiver gently as the curtain falls.)

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

THE IDES OF FEBRUARY

EACH winter, the approach of St. Valentine's Day still fills me with a vague sense of disaster. True, as old age creeps over me, I no longer wait for February 14th with the same joyous expectation the Christian martyrs must have entertained before entering the arena to face the lions, and Time, I am surprised to note, has healed the more hideous scars St. Valentine left on my bright and careless youth. But even now I think of February 14th as the most sinister date on the calendar.

For Valentine's Day was to the junior set of East Cleveland, Ohio, what the Tuesday after the first Monday in November has been, of late, to the Republicans—a time of trial and testing, an ordeal by majority vote, an implacable measuring of proud boasts and fond hopes. The young lady who had received the most valentines as the shades of night began to fall on February 14th became, by inexorable natural law, the combination Greta Garbo and Mrs. August Belmont of her immediate social circle, while the miserable lass whose stack of billets-doux reached only laughable proportions could look forward to a bleak year as the social leper of the Prospect School sixth grade.

There were certain rules, of course, governing this harsh system. Valentines from male contemporaries, exceedingly rare except in the eighth grade, were more highly regarded than the most splendid movable contraptions sent by doting uncles or fond grandmamas. Moreover, valentines had to be absolutely bona-fide—any attempt to frame the contest by sending valentines to yourself was immediately ferreted out by jealous rivals. No more permissible in the final count were valentines received from tenderhearted teachers who often tried to soften the blow by sending them in carload lots to prospective losers, a ruse which never fooled anybody and often operated as the veritable kiss of death for the unhappy victim. And finally, comic valentines counted against, rather than for, the miserable recipient. Even one comic valentine was a severe blow; more than two became a catastrophe; six or more comic valentines spelled sure social doom.

THE McKenney sisters split badly on St. Valentine's Day. Yearly, I stopped smiling about February 7th. By February 10th my appetite had slackened off. By February 13th I was mentally composing suicide notes.

One man's poison, on the other hand, is often another man's oyster. My sister Eileen was made for Valentine's Day, and vice versa. As the all-time belle of Prospect School and the Irish-American Society's Junior Auxiliary, my dear sister faced February 14th with smug assurance. True, along about the fourth grade, Eileen's female friends began to regard her with less than affectionate trust, a situation which grew more acute with the passing years. But my sister held the young men of Prospect School in the hollow of her hand. She was an astute lobbyist, and no Tammany district leader faced with Fusion revolt ever used power more ruthlessly than my sister Eileen building her Valentine's Day fences. Did Sophie Brustman want an invitation to Billy Folson's birthday party, now in the offing? That would cost her exactly ten valentines of decent quality, no homemade jobs accepted. Mary Clarke didn't get a single valentine from a boy last year, unless you count the one from her own brother. Perhaps Mary would like a genuine, bona-fide, signed billet-doux, with lace, from Joe Peters, the acknowledged Beau Brummel of the fifth grade? Eileen could arrange it—for a price.

In vain my sister's opposition howled "Foul." In vain enemy cliques formed combines, vowing to send each other

immense bales of valentines and thus squeeze out the McKenney machine. In vain disgruntled little boys were approached with schemes to snow Eileen under with dozens of the worst type of comic broadside. When the teacher opened the class mailbox, a cardboard masterpiece turned out by our art class, it always developed that at the last minute the little boys had lost heart and, fearing Eileen's implacable revenge, had sent the comic numbers to the current Orphan Annie of the class. Good government never won a single victory while Eileen operated in Prospect School. Year after year my pretty but practical sister, the Boss Tweed of her class, won the Valentine's Day title hands down.

And year after year I narrowly avoided, sometimes by a breath-taking three-valentine margin, coming out at exactly the opposite end of the most harrowing sweepstakes of the winter. I started expecting the worst the moment the teacher officially installed the class mailbox on her desk and declared the St. Valentine's mails legally open. This was usually about February 1st, which gave me two weeks for gloomy contemplation of the mailbox, which was generously adorned with red paper hearts and shaky Cupids and smelled of glue.

I COULDN'T escape Valentine's Day at home, either. From February 1st on, Eileen and I were engaged in



"I can't get over how you've settled down."

the manufacture of stupendously intricate valentines designed either for our near and dear ones or as weapons in the big school struggle for Valentine's Day position. I envy the children of today, who can gallop right down to the drugstore and purchase first-class valentines a dime a dozen. Professional billets-doux were largely beyond the financial scope of grammar-school students in the twenties. Eileen and I labored desperately over our annual supply of valentines, decorating them from stationery-store boxes of unassembled valentine material which our doting relatives provided. Each box contained, as I will remember until I totter to the grave, twelve valentines, six big and six of a meagre size. Each valentine bore a picture on the outside, such as a bleeding heart with a frightened Cupid lolling nearby. Inside, each valentine had a printed verse, usually of an extremely morbid nature, predicting death, for instance, if the recipient refused to be your Valentine.

These printed leaflets were just the beginning. Eileen and I were annually faced with the task of mounting a lace

frame on cardboard springs and pasting it onto each picture, a simple job according to the printed instructions but one that always proved far beyond our obviously subnormal artistic abilities. My sister and I, to put it mildly, were never exactly handy with the paste pot. We made gallons of flour-and-water paste, sometimes putting in an egg to make it bind. It never did, though. Although we applied immense amounts of the sticky stuff to the lace frames, the floor, our hair and middy blouses, and other objects within striking distance, few of our creations ever held together long enough for us to hustle them whole into an envelope.

Indeed, as the deadline approached, Eileen and I, driven nearly berserk by paper lace which slipped and valentines which took on a drunken look as paper hearts lost their mooring, began, by mutual consent, to cheat. We would merely apply a thin coating of flour-and-water paste to several of our printed leaflets and then, as they dried, hurry them into envelopes along with the lace frames which should have adorned their Cupids. These makeshifts we addressed to our

doting aunts, who usually wrote back to tell us how much they liked the valentine and how nicely the paper-lace frame fitted the picture and how clever we were to do that all by ourselves. Sometimes the blatant hypocrisy of the Farrell clan was enough to make Eileen and me downright cynical.

Our contemporaries, of course, had much higher standards than our fond but foolish aunts; Eileen and I never dared slip a sub-standard valentine into the school mail. Indeed, the Prospect School Valentine's Day rules were rigorous on every point. Valentines sent you at home, for instance, could not be dropped in one of the classroom boxes unless they were unopened and bore a postmark and a bona-fide cancelled stamp. This was to prevent mailbox stuffing of the worst sort.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY was only a semi-legal holiday, and school went off in the usual humdrum routine in the morning, although only the most insensitive clod could keep his mind on the Western Reserve Act with that fatal mailbox staring him in the face. When the bell rang after the noon lunch hour, every young *Mädel* sat at her desk clad in her most elaborate finery, hands folded demurely in front of her. The young gentlemen made no concession to the holiday as far as wearing apparel was concerned, but even the most hard-boiled among them squirmed with excitement, anticipating the moment the teacher would unfold the valentine addressed to her and beginning, "Above the knees you wear your skirt, I think you are an awful flirt."

The proceedings started with a little speech from the teacher, to the effect that Valentine's Day was a happy holiday when people showed their love and affection (giggles) for their friends and sweethearts (hysterical laughter). The number of valentines a boy or girl received, the teacher went on, had nothing



*"Charge it and deliver it
to longitude 73° 31' 45" West, latitude 40° 52' 15" North."*

to do with how much their friends loved them or how highly they were esteemed (dead silence). "Counting valentines ruins the whole spirit of the happy day—you can see that, can't you, Class? [Doleful murmurs of agreement.] Therefore I know I am not spoiling anybody's fun when I say that counting valentines will not be allowed in this class and anybody caught telling how many he or she has received will be severely punished. [A whistle from the back.] Who whistled? [Silence.] Do you all understand?"

The teacher would then open the box and draw out the first valentine, which was usually addressed to the unfortunate youth who had just transferred from Wabash, Illinois, or some other alien point.

"Why, here's a valentine for Bobby!" she would bellow in completely false surprise. The class always politely applauded this obvious phony. The situation then turned deadly serious.

"Elizabeth Furnace!" the teacher would call. Elizabeth would bounce up the aisle, smug in her ruffled bloomers and white silk socks.

"Mary-Ann Peters!" Mary-Ann sailed past rivals with her nose in the air.

After the first fifteen minutes the teacher began to sweat blood.

"Well, well," she would say, "here's another for Mary-Ann," and Mary-Ann would race up to the postbox, dripping smiles.

By this time the teacher was sparring for time with "Isn't St. Valentine's Day fun? You all know who good old St. Valentine was, don't you?" while she dredged up a few envelopes not addressed to Mary-Ann Peters or Elizabeth Furnace. Panic swept the class, practically all hands except Elizabeth and Mary-Ann wondering if they could possibly have been completely blanked, heaven forbid. Here and there a tear quivered in a feminine eye, and the teacher, feeling the tragedy, would work harder and harder to find a valentine for the obviously heart-broken customer in the front row, centre aisle.

The first half-hour was the worst. I used to sit back with the "M"s, watching the teacher paw around for envelopes in the big box, silently promising to become a trained nurse or a missionary if only she could find about eighteen valentines for me, or sixteen, or fourteen. And, oh, dear God, no comics!

I always got at least one comic, though, from my age-old enemy, John-



"Do you know any nice family hotel?"

ny Sebastian, whose macabre sense of humor dogged me all the way through grammar school and high school into the State University, where I had the pleasure of watching him flunk History A. I often think of Johnny, especially as Valentine's Day comes around, and I hope sincerely that he has developed into a complete mental, moral, and financial failure.

OWING to the ban on counting valentines in the classroom, the contestants had to wait impatiently for the final verdict until school let out. Every year I hung around on the fringe of the coatroom gang, waiting to hear other totals announced before I revealed my own count. Some years I came through gloriously, fifth or sixth from the bottom. Other years I ran neck and neck with the stranger from Illinois, and once I departed for home full of unshed tears with only three valentines, two of them comics, in my arithmetic book. But next day the teacher found six for me caught in a crack of the mailbox, and I was saved. Or, looking back on it after all these years, maybe she didn't really find them in a crack. Any-

way, we thought she did, for a teacher couldn't tell a lie, and my reputation was preserved.

I used to spend Valentine's night listening to my sister, flushed with triumph, recite her terrific victories and wishing desperately that I were three years older and in high school and done forever with classroom mailboxes. It was only last year, on St. Valentine's Day, that, with a sense of shock, I realized my youth had definitely passed. I can eat a hearty dinner on February 14th, and I'm glad I'm not three years older. The next step is anti-wrinkle cream.

—RUTH MCKENNEY

MECHANIZATION

The photographic plate makes clear Events we like to think remote;
By short wave, we can nicely hear
Breath in the diplomatic throat.

Informed of all, we sleep and live,
Nor quiver, as do threads of steel—
Our instruments are sensitive,
And it is they that feel.

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

PROFILES

ARMY MAN AT WORK-I



Colonel Somervell

FEW residents of New York would recognize, either by name or sight, Lieutenant Colonel Brehon Burke Somervell, of the Army Corps of Engineers, yet this is Colonel Somervell's fourth year in a position whose civic importance is almost as great as the Mayor's office itself; namely, the Works Projects Administrator for New York City. In the WPA hierarchy, his standing is only slightly under that of another West Pointer, Colonel F. C. Harrington, national head of the WPA. One out of every seven dollars spent by the national WPA passes through Colonel Somervell's hands, which is more than any other city or state gets. The WPA workers he directs, currently around 112,000 in number but at one time totalling 203,000, have made numerous changes in the life and appearance of the city. WPA laborers have torn up most of the city's trolley-car tracks, demolished several square miles of slum buildings, repaved a large proportion of the city's streets, built schools, swimming pools, hospitals, jails, courthouses, stadiums, tennis courts, public baths, and an airport, and showered their fellow-citizens with a bewildering variety of free goods and services, from instruction in Arabic to 105,000 hot lunches a day for public-school children.

When Colonel Somervell took office in the summer of 1936, he was the eighth person to try to run the city's work-relief system. Of his predecessors, several had resigned in despair or disgust, one had died, probably of overwork, and none had lasted a year. The average tenure expectancy in the job was about four months. Colonel Somervell

has survived for three and a half years and, unless he is recalled by the War Department, seems likely to last as long as the WPA itself. One reason for his success is that he can concentrate on doing his job, because it makes slight difference to him whether he keeps it or not. He was lent to the WPA by the Army and he draws his income—about \$6,900 a year—from the Army. His real career is in the Army and not in federal or city politics. But there are also more personal reasons.

Colonel Somervell is a military man, thin and lanky, with slicked-back graying hair and a close-cropped mustache. He wears bow ties and rather dapper mufti, speaks with a slight Southern drawl, and seldom raises his voice. His manner is pleasant and shrewd, and there is a touch of Will Rogers in his public personality; he frequently refers to himself as "just a country boy from Arkansas trying to get along in the big city." He himself provides surprisingly little newspaper copy. Unlike General Hugh S. Johnson and others among his predecessors, he rarely blows up in public. His immediate predecessor, Victor F. Ridder, drove himself into a nervous breakdown fighting what he believed to be a Red Menace. When Somervell took over, his first public remark on the subject was a suggestion that the *Daily Worker* replace its slogan, "Get Rid of Ridder!," with "Sink Somervell!" The Communists foolishly spurned his advice, adopting instead the more labored war cry "Over the Hill with Somervell!"

If Somervell declines the most tempting gambits to show rage in public, it is a matter of policy rather than preference. He has a violent temper, which he keeps under control. He admits that at times he is so sorely tried he has to retire to some place out of earshot, often the men's washroom, and walk up and down until he cools off. "There's only one rule in this job," he says. "Never lose your temper." When he blows up he does it deliberately, as a frontal attack on a stubbornly defended position. If, on the other hand, he can goad an opponent into such a rage as to upset or paralyze his mental faculties, he knows the battle is won. One of his most reliable methods of achieving this is to present a monstrously exaggerated caricature of his opponent's contention and insist on re-

futing it in detail. People find this annoying.

There is a good deal underneath Somervell's easygoing geniality which comes out only in action. He drives himself and his office staff hard, and he expects WPA projects to come up to ordinary standards of business efficiency. Under his administration there has been little legitimate occasion for the usual jokes about WPA shovel-leaners. The drive for production has been fierce enough to provoke the Workers Alliance, which is the major union of the relief workers, into depicting Somervell in cartoons as a Simon Legree waving a huge blacksnake whip over a cowering WPA worker. The most frequent criticism of Somervell's administration is that he is more concerned with efficiency than with the human aspects of the WPA.

IN Somervell's often-repeated description of himself as "just a country boy from Arkansas," there is at least this much truth: he was born in 1892 in Little Rock. But Little Rock is a fair-sized city, and Somervell's father was not a farmer but a doctor. His mother taught school before she was married. When Somervell was fifteen, the family moved to Washington, D.C., where his parents founded the Belcourt Seminary, a successful finishing school for young ladies.

Young Brehon decided to go into the Army, mostly because he met a good many Army people in the capital. He obtained an appointment to West Point, from which he was graduated in 1914, standing sixth in his class, and was commissioned in the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army. This Corps is a brain trust for the Army, since the brightest cadets generally choose to go into it. The Corps is popular among West Pointers because its work is more varied and interesting than that of other arms of the Service. Army engineers spend much of their time on non-military assignments. They are in charge of practically all federal work done throughout the country on flood control and river and harbor improvement. They are farmed out, as Somervell now is, on special public jobs, from building dams and bridges to cleaning up after a hurricane. Joining the Engineers' Corps is like getting into a small and rather

snobbish club. There were only 190 officers in the Corps when Somervell was commissioned as a second lieutenant in 1914. It has expanded considerably since then, and yet even today there are less than 800 officers. The Engineers feel they are the flower of the Army and so, logically, of all creation.

An Army career is normally a slow-motion, routine sort of business, one dull Army post in course of time giving way to another and even duller post. Second Lieutenant Somervell, however, stepped out of West Point straight into the middle of great events. The summer of 1914 he spent in Paris on his two months' "graduation leave." When the war began, he reported to the American Embassy and offered his services. The Embassy made him cashier of Judge Elbert H. Gary's committee to help Americans get back home. Through his hands passed around \$1,000,000 in gold which the State Department rushed over on the U.S.S. Tennessee to speed up the exodus.

Soon after he got back to this country, at the end of his two months' leave, Somervell was sent down to Texas to make maps of the country along the Mexican frontier. "I was hard at work," he says, "when Villa raided the border and made it unnecessary to finish the maps." The Army, with Pershing at the head of the expeditionary forces, was ordered to chase Villa, and Somervell was ordered to go along. His commanding officer was Captain Ernest Graves, now a colonel. Graves recalls that Somervell reported for duty at the expeditionary headquarters, two hundred miles south of the border, bearing a large box of the brand of Havana cigars Graves smoked. "God knows how he found it out," says Graves. It was a typical Somervellian diplomatic gesture. Also characteristic was his solution of the problem of how to muster labor to build Army roads. He corralled all the available manpower in the neighborhood by the simple and inexpensive device of offering a village boss, who controlled it, a daily salary of \$5 in American money in-

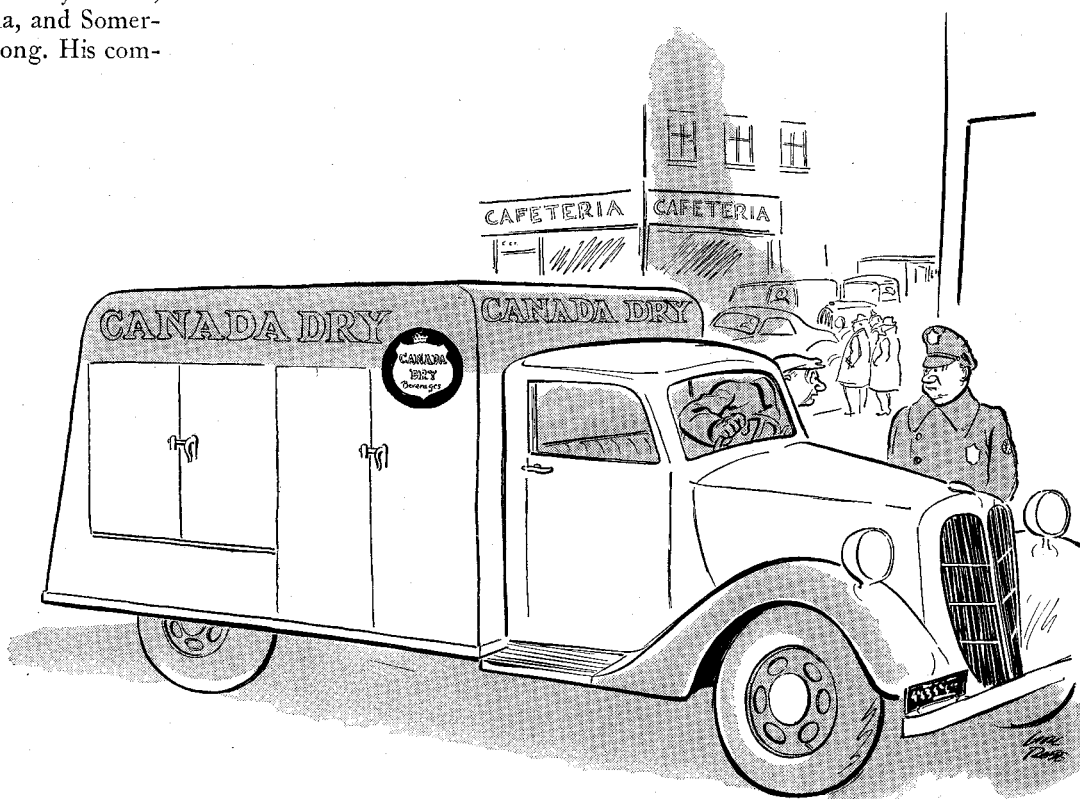
stead of the \$2.50 which less imaginative officers had been paying him. When Somervell's fellow-officers, unable to get men for their work, objected that Army regulations set top pay for laborers at \$2.50, he lifted the boss out of the laboring class by promoting him on the spot to Assistant Engineer in Charge of Operations. Somervell worked his men hard and worked harder himself. One hot afternoon, Pershing's motorcar passed a stalled Army truck. The crew was sitting about in the shade and there was no officer in sight. Indignant, Pershing stopped his car and climbed out. "Where is the officer in charge?" he demanded. "Here, sir!" a voice answered from under the truck. Somervell crawled out, black with grease from head to foot, and saluted. Pershing returned the salute, climbed back in his car, and drove off without a word.

WHEN the United States entered the European war, Somervell ran true to form by being with the first Engineers' regiment to reach France. Again under Graves, he built the great munitions dump at Mehun-sur-Yèvre and the advance dépôt at Is-sur-Tille. After a year of this activity, in the course of which he advanced to a captaincy, he got a leave, borrowed Graves' Cadillac,

and went up to the front, where he talked his way into an assignment to an infantry regiment. This was all quite irregular, but Somervell—and the Cadillac—stayed at the front. He was given the Distinguished Service Cross for a reconnaissance he carried out behind the German lines. When a regimental staff officer in the sector was captured by the Germans, Somervell was given his post. "What do you know about military tactics?" he was asked. "Practically nothing," he answered. "An ideal man for the job," said someone, and he got it.

After the armistice, at the age of twenty-six, Somervell became Assistant Chief of Staff and head of the fourth section of the Army of Occupation, at Coblenz. There he met and married Anna Purnell, an American girl working in the Y.M.C.A. There he also met the late Walker D. Hines, then arbitrator of river shipping under the peace treaties, whom he assisted in preparing a report on the Rhine. Hines was a well-known corporation lawyer who had helped run the railroads when the government took them over during the war. He and Somervell developed a high regard for each other.

In 1920, Somervell, who that year had become a major, returned to the United States with his wife. For several years Somervell's career followed



"Certainly. The rest of the quotation is 'Deny thy father, and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.'"

the routine Army grooves. In 1925 he was given leave to work with Hines on a survey of navigation on the Rhine and the Danube which the League of Nations had commissioned Hines to make. After this job, which lasted six months, Somervell was stationed in New York City, in charge of river and harbor improvement. Then the late Kemal Atatürk asked Hines to undertake a comprehensive economic survey of Turkey, to be used as the basis of a five-year plan of industrialization which the dictator had in mind. Hines accepted on condition he could get Somervell to take charge of the fieldwork and help prepare the report. Somervell managed to obtain leave once more from the War Department and set out for Turkey.

He sailed on April 18, 1933. The job was a difficult one. Transportation facilities in Turkey were so inadequate that there were regions which the Turkish officials at Ankara themselves had never visited. Somervell got hold of a Chevrolet and covered the whole country; sometimes the car, with him seated in it, had to be carried across unbridged streams on men's backs. By the time he returned to the capital, he had seen more of the country than anyone in the government. He collected a staff of young English-speaking Turks, determined what methods of research would be used, and began to coördinate the work of a dozen experts in various economic fields. For three months he dictated eight hours a day. Part way through the survey, Hines fell ill of overwork, retired to Italy, and died in a hospital there. Somervell completed the seven-volume report. The better to get the findings accepted, he organized the report as a series of factual commentaries on texts respectfully quoted from the speeches and writing of Atatürk and other important Turkish officials. It was a characteristic touch.

Somervell returned from Turkey on April 18, 1934, just a year from the day he had sailed.

After a few months on Army service he was again given leave, to become executive officer of the National Emergency Council, a vague New Deal "planning" body. It was a night-and-day job during the six months he had it. He was next put in charge of constructing the Florida Ship Canal, the completion of which was indefinitely postponed by Congress in 1936. The work was



frequently interrupted, and during the quiescent intervals in a year on this assignment, he also rebuilt the hurricane-wrecked town of Gainesville, Georgia, acted as consulting engineer on WPA work in the Southeastern states, and made a survey and report on the administration of the WPA in New York City. It was while on this assignment that he was promoted to his present rank of lieutenant colonel. On August 1, 1936, he succeeded Victor F. Ridder as New York City WPA Administrator.

COLONEL SOMERVELL lives quietly in Bronxville

with his wife and three daughters. He commutes by car, arriving in his office before nine six days a week and generally leaving after six. His administration is pretty much a one-man show. The Colonel has a military disinclination to share authority. No other WPA administrator in the country exercises so much power. The only other important personality connected with the New York

ANNOUNCEMENT

I hereby prophesy that in spite of war and men
The spring will come as usual. March will be windy,
And crocuses will huddle close to houses,
With violets crawling up from under mosses
At woodland edge.

April, as always, will be full of wetness,
Making soft the loam in the meadows, melting the snow
Hidden in crannies, and, through deceptive clouds,
Letting the sun descend on glistening grasses.
A sudden marvel.

May, full of music, will arouse the lilies,
And a fierce love in all the animals;
Deer will pause, moveless, dreaming, and the drowsy
Bear will explore his senses for the sullen
Prodding of nature.

I announce truly that, though cities smolder
On the horizon, and though oceans shudder
At the men swirling in them, there will be
Whispers in orchards, and a murmur
Among the meadows.

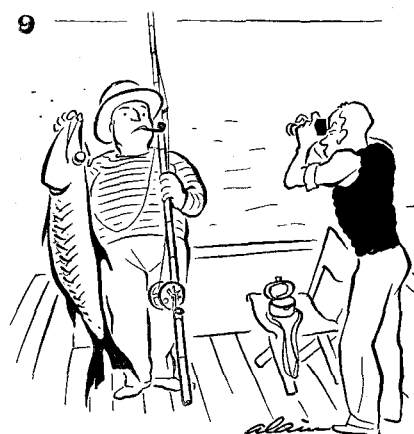
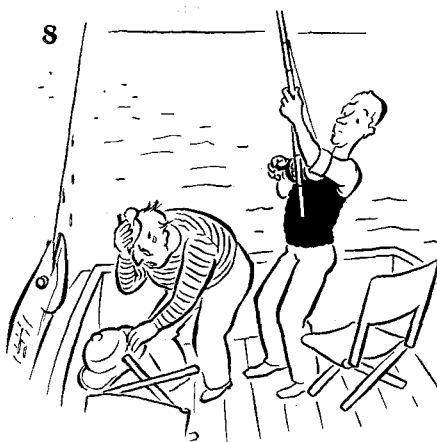
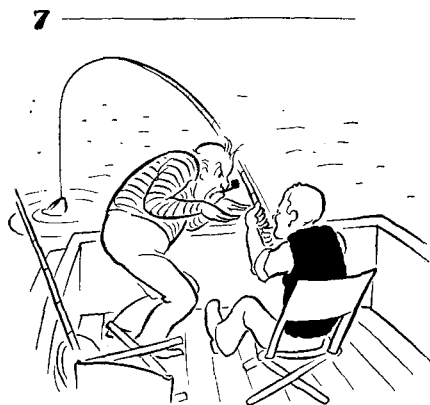
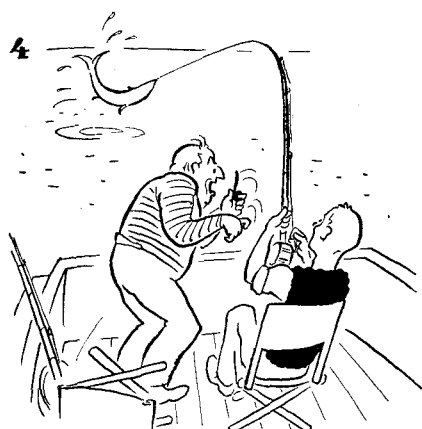
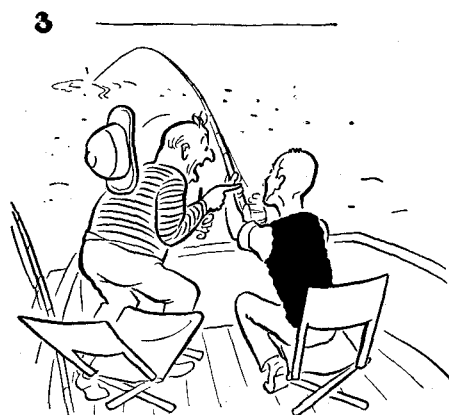
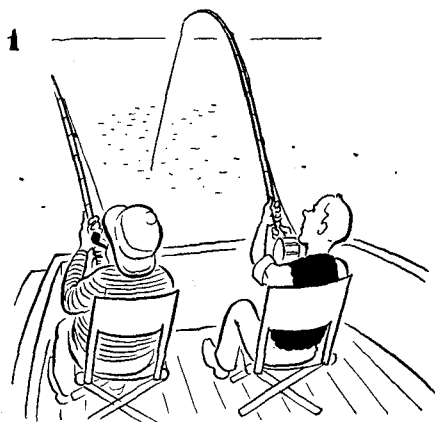
These are the verities, they are not hounded
By reason or by law. The subtle seasons
Send the blood hurtling in its proper cadence,
And stirrings in the earth disturb the air.
Wonders are worked for us. These are prodigious.
This will be proved.

—HARRY BROWN

City WPA is Mayor LaGuardia, with whom Somervell has established the closest and friendliest relations. Without LaGuardia's support, the Colonel would not be as powerful as he is. Somervell admits that this is the "meanest" job he has ever had. It is certainly the most complicated and the biggest. The mysteries of Turkish economics are as nothing compared to those of the city's Works Projects Administration.

Although no complete figures exist, it is safe to estimate that in the past ten years at least one out of every three families in New York City has been on relief at one time or another. Some of them have been on the rolls only a few months, some the entire period. To get on the rolls, all of them had to prove to the investigators' satisfaction that they were without any appreciable income or property. This means that since 1929 one-third of the city's families have at one time or another been reduced practically to the status of paupers.

By now the process of giving unemployment relief follows a routine and works with reasonable smoothness. In the early years of the depression, however, the city's relief system would



periodically become chaotic and then would be rebuilt on new lines. The bewildered unemployed were taken in hand by Seward Prosser of the Bankers Trust Company and his relief committee. They were taken in hand by Harvey D. Gibson of the Manufacturers Trust Company and his committees. They were taken in hand by the city to such good purpose that Samuel Seabury's investigators later found that in one borough nine out of ten of those on the city relief rolls were registered Democrats, seventeen of them owning two cars apiece. The unemployed were taken

in hand by Hoover's Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which lent a few millions to the city for relief. They were taken in hand by Franklin D. Roosevelt, who as Governor of New York in 1931 got the state legislature to pass the Wicks Act, the first state relief law of the depression. Finally, after Roosevelt became President, they were taken in hand by federal agencies: the FERA, CWA, and, at last, WPA.

Between all these Samaritans, many of them functioning at the same time and, in disregard of physical laws, in the same place, the relief business be-

came as complicated as a utility holding company. The confusion reached its height in 1934, a year when merely the forms used in requisitioning materials for city work relief consumed twenty-one tons of paper. Three governments—state, city, and federal—and a swarm of bureaus and agencies were mixed up in relief. To make a purchase of work material costing over \$100 required the filling out of sixty-nine pieces of paper, and to change such an order took eighty-one more forms. In the office of the City Department of Purchase, sixteen clerks did nothing but make new

copies of copies of papers that had been lost in transit.

WITH the establishment of the New York City WPA in the summer of 1935, the city's relief system began to settle down into an orderly pattern. Today the city's unemployed are provided for either by the WPA or the city's Home Relief Division. Everyone who applies for relief is first sent to the Home Relief Division, a subdivision of the city's Department of Welfare which is financed sixty per cent by the city and forty per cent by the state. The Division has one of its large staff of investigators find whether the applicant has any resources—bank accounts, property, any other sources of income, however small, and relatives who can be legally compelled to give support. If this investigation shows that the applicant is

unable to support himself and his family on the extremely modest scale fixed as a minimum, he is "certified" for relief. The size of the monthly relief check depends on the size of his family. The average New York family on relief consists of four persons and receives \$45 a month from the city, or about \$2.75 a week a person. This, by the way, is munificent as relief standards go. New York City's standards are probably the highest in the country. Elsewhere relief payments run as low as \$4.50 per month, which is given to the average impoverished family in Oklahoma. In 1938 the city and state supported, without any federal help, an average of 180,000 families on home relief at a cost of \$86,200,000, the money being raised by special taxes on retail sales, cigarettes, brokers' transactions, etc.

WPA jobs are by law restricted to

those in need. Since everyone on the home-relief rolls has been certified as being in need, it is from these rolls that the entire WPA working force, except for a small number of specialists and executives, is recruited. The factor which determines whether anyone certified for relief is assigned to federal WPA relief or city home relief is "employability," an extremely vague concept. In theory, home relief, for which no work is required from the recipient, is restricted to the unemployable: minors, old people, the sick and crippled. All employables are supposed to be given WPA jobs at wages that at present run from \$52 to \$94.90 a month. The average is \$77.30. This scale is determined not by family needs but by the degree of skill required by the job. In practice, however, Congress has never appropriated anywhere near enough money to give WPA jobs to all the able-bodied unemployed. At the moment, because of the cut of one-third in the WPA appropriation proposed by the President last spring and voted by Congress last summer, enrollment in the WPA here is at its lowest figure in a long time. A count on December 31, 1939, showed that only 112,000 were still on the WPA rolls in the city, as against 171,000 at the same time in 1938. Of the 75,000-odd WPA workers laid off since last July, some 48,000 are now on city relief. A recent survey showed that up to last November less than fifteen per cent of those dropped had found jobs in private industry.

COLONEL SOMERVELL has most of the worries of any businessman. His \$10,000,000-a-month payroll is much bigger than that of any local business enterprise. He has a large assortment of troubles unique to the WPA. He must hire or fire workers by the thousand, not according to the needs of the work being done but according to the changing moods in Washington. He never knows more than a few weeks ahead how much money will be available for the next month's work. But these are minor worries compared to the great problem of deciding exactly what projects the WPA can undertake and what sort it cannot. Most businessmen at least know what line of business they are in. This rudimentary certainty is denied the WPA.

The two basic, and contradictory, rules about WPA projects are that they must be "useful" and they must not compete with private business. Since private business was on the ground long



"Unfortunately, this new phase of my development caught me before I got the group finished."

before the WPA arrived, it has staked out claims to most of the workable terrain. Like every other WPA administrator, Somervell is therefore continually in one fix or another. The more useful the work he undertakes, the more likely it is that it will encroach on private enterprise and the louder will be the outcries in Congress and the press. On the other hand, if he takes refuge in leaf-raking and such innocuous forms of employment, the protests about "boondoggling" will multiply. As a report recently made to Somervell put it, "Any kind of work can be done by private contractors if someone will give them a contract to do it." Presumably, if Park Commissioner Moses should advertise for bids on raking up leaves in Central Park, a Wall Street syndicate could set up Associated Leafrakers, Inc., and make a legitimate profit in this field of economic endeavor.

The WPA therefore undertakes a project only in response to a request from some public non-profit institution. This "sponsor" must also put up a certain percentage of the cost of the materials. Most WPA projects in the city are sponsored by the LaGuardia administration, which contributes about \$2,500,000 a month for supplies. But even so there is a subtle point of doctrine to be settled. It would not be sensible to have WPA workers take over the jobs of regular city employees, thereby throwing more men out of work. So there is a rule that the WPA can undertake only the kind of city work which local governmental agencies would not "normally" do. WPA workers can rake up leaves, but only those which the city itself would "normally" leave on the ground. They can build schools, but not schools that the city would "normally" build. Inasmuch as the amount of work the city plans to undertake in any year is itself affected by the chances of getting the WPA to do some of it, the business gets quite involved. In this kind of strange governmental maneuvering Colonel Somervell and Mayor LaGuardia seem to see eye to eye. They have deadpan conferences at which the Mayor solemnly decides that such-and-such a school would not be built by the city in the ordinary course of events, but that it is a school the city certainly does need.



"It's for you, dear, I fancy."

Somervell, keeping a straight face, then undertakes to build the school.

After these occult problems are disposed of, Colonel Somervell must cope with still another. This in many respects is the most difficult of all. Most business enterprises first decide what they are going to do and then hire workers who have the necessary abilities. The WPA must reverse the process. It must find out what each new batch of unemployed are good at and then must plan projects which will use their abilities to the best advantage.

It is particularly hard to plan WPA projects in New York City, because so large a proportion of the city's workers are trained in trade, transportation, and domestic service. Since the WPA must avoid encroaching on private enterprise, it can't run a store, it can't con-

duct a brokerage business, it can't keep house—though it does have a project for supplying unemployed houseworkers to the old and sick on the relief rolls—and it can't operate bus or subway systems. Colonel Somervell's staff has to go far afield in order to think of things like improving the barracks of Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island and compiling a bibliography and a reference index of literature on aeronautical science. These are two of the innumerable projects undertaken during the past year to keep the WPA workers busy. There were also, among other things, the reorganization of the files of the Coast Guard and the compilation of a standard Jewish encyclopedia.

—L. D. DUNBAR

(This is the first of two articles on Colonel Somervell. The second will appear next week.)



THE PERSONALITY KIDS

IT would be interesting, though probably not terribly interesting, to know what a playgoer of generally correct taste but no information at all about the American theatre would make of John Barrymore in "My Dear Children." Here, some such hypothetical critic might say, is a man approximately sixty years old, of classic though damaged appearance, giving a rather ridiculous performance in a play that really has no particular business on the stage. Observing an occasional trace of grandeur in Mr. Barrymore's behavior, he might want to qualify that a little. On the whole, it is a ridiculous performance, he would say, but there are obviously hints that this fossil has been an actor of considerable ability, in whom the technique is still both instinctive and highly developed. Even given this qualification, though, how he would account for the hilarious reception accorded Mr. Barrymore and his simple-minded vehicle I can't imagine.

It is a useless speculation in any case, since there can scarcely be an adult in North America who doesn't know Mr. Barrymore almost as intimately as the family doctor knows his oldest and most bothersome patient. The great man comes on the stage of the Belasco trailing a thousand anecdotes, familiar from Bangor to Pasadena. He is love, alcohol, beauty, and the heir of a dramatic tradition going back, it often seems, to the Old Testament. He can (and does) act in a way that appears to be a vicious parody of Mr. Walter Hampden, and the audience watches him with boundless delight. Half of this effect lies in simply being a Barrymore and therefore presumably engaged in something supernatural; the other half lies in a very carefully fostered reputation for doing the unexpected.

In this second category, I'm sorry to say, Mr. Barrymore let his first-night admirers down miserably. The manner was all Barrymore, but, with the excep-

tion of a few interpolated lines that I could have improved on myself, there was nothing unexpected—or nothing, at least, until the show had moved on to Fédé's Monte Carlo. In the company surrounding me, this was generally regarded as a gyp. These fashionable people had come, on the whole, in the same spirit they would have gone to a wrestling match. They understood that the show was fixed, and if the star couldn't actually be tight, as advertised by his press agent, they certainly expected him to pretend he was. Mr. Barrymore did nothing of the kind. He threw in a few writhings and grimaces, but he didn't fall down and he remembered his lines perfectly, which was quite a feat since they are among the least memorable lines ever written. The whole thing was very disappointing, and it was a tribute to his past notoriety and present charm that he got the greatest ovation of the season without so much as throwing an actress at a critic.

Because of the interlocking nature of Mr. Barrymore's private and professional lives, it is hard to say just who will be in the cast of "My Dear Children" by the time this reaches print, although it seems likely that the fourth Mrs. Barrymore, a young woman of remarkable tenacity of purpose and almost no reticence, will have supplanted Miss Doris Dudley in one of the leading rôles. The night I went, the associate wags included Lois Hall, Patricia Waters, Tala Birell, and Arnold Korff. A good deal of the time Mr. Barrymore's antics left them quite helpless with laughter, so that I got to wondering now and then if perhaps the wrong people weren't tight.



IN "Geneva," Mr. Bernard Shaw, that other humorous antique, offers us his generalized and at least semifinial reflections on the situation in Europe. It is the broadest kind of caricature—staged, costumed, and even written a good deal like a sketch in "Pins and Needles"—and reaches, I'm afraid, a no more valuable conclusion than that one form of government is just about as absurd as the next. Characters made up to look like Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco (there is also a semi-villainous Russian, but he is clearly an afterthought) are tried before a judge who combines the best qualities of God and Mr. Shaw. There is a maximum of conversation, illuminated occasionally by that dry, vegetarian wit; a minimum of activity; and, in the end, not much to take home with you from the Henry Miller beyond the conviction that this time Mr. Shaw

The Waldorf-Astoria

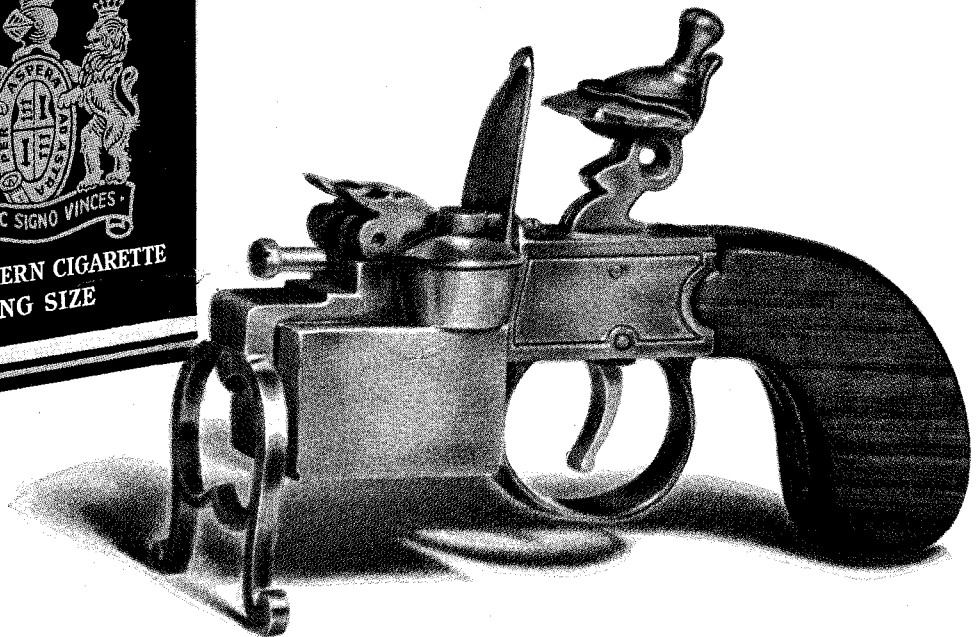
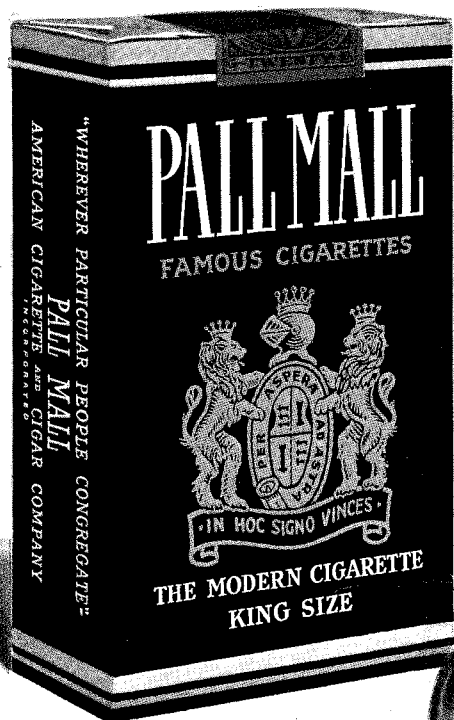
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PALL MALL

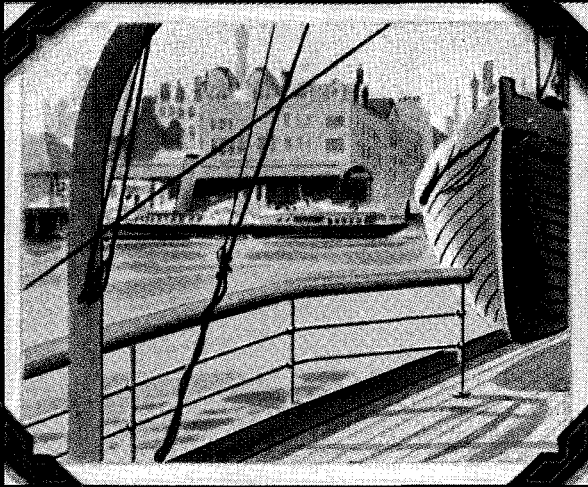
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● THE FIRST TIME you take a Pall Mall in your fingers, you will be impressed by the added distinction the longer size bestows upon this traditionally smart cigarette.

But this added distinction is not its only appealing advantage. For this additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette—thus enhancing the rich flavor of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos.



The Scotland I'll never forget...



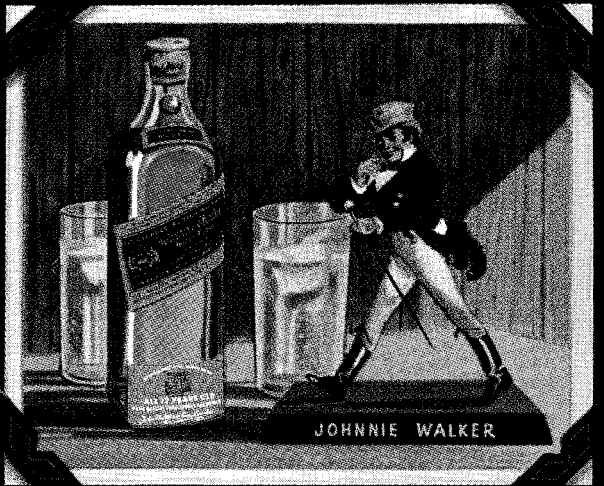
Glasgow, seen from the liner's deck as we moved up the Clyde. My first real glimpse of the Scotland of Robbie Burns, Loch Lomond and treasured Johnnie Walker Black Label!



The birthplace of Scotland's greatest poet, Robbie Burns, at Alloway near Ayr. At an inn nearby, I enjoyed Scotland's greatest whiskey—Johnnie Walker Black Label, with soda!



Loch Lomond is an unforgettable sight, the countryside being as typically Scotch as the unforgettable mellowness of the Johnnie Walker Black Label you've enjoyed back home!



Kilmarnock, from which Scotland sends to the world its rarest treasure, Johnnie Walker Black Label! There's no finer whiskey than Scotch and here truly is Scotch at its rare best!

JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL Blended Scotch Whisky. 12 years old, 86.8 proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importers.

has nothing particular to say and takes a dreadfully long while to say it.

The imported cast gives a strong national flavor to what goes on, conveying the impression, perhaps not intended by the author, that Judgment Day, when it comes, will be held under British auspices.

IF none of my preceding comments suggest an entirely satisfactory evening in the theatre, there are, of course, always the Lunts, who will be at the Alvin through this week in "The Taming of the Shrew." Since this notice is necessarily written before the opening, I can only say that the last time the Lunts appeared in it here, in October, 1935, this department remarked that they made it so funny you forgot it was "The Taming of the Shrew," the highest praise, then or now, at any man's command. Presumably they still do.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

HONEYCOMB FOR BREAKFAST

And did the furry architect
With cautious fingers con
The scope of every circumspect
Hexagon?

Did hope distill the summer sun,
The dreaming hours he spent,
As out of clover bloom he spun
Content?

The pollen seed he spread is blown
By wind's unthinking lust
And every queen and slaughtered drone
Is dust.

A victim of an ancient plot,
The ravished worker sleeps,
Bereft by one who labors not
And reaps.

Upon my plate the cells distill
Vermont and summer sky,
As with a silver knife I spill
July.

—GERALD RAFTERY

Apollo had held out his hand to me—
and jerked it back.

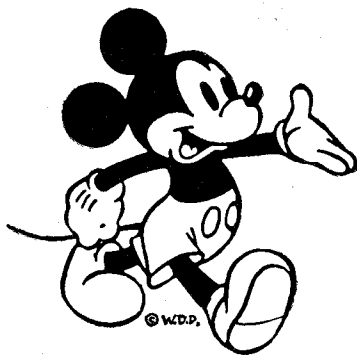
Mountains in my mind crumbled, cities
fell into ruin...

I stepped off into space, I tried to run up
the sky, I crashed to the ground; I jumped
up and ran around in circles, waving
my arms wildly; I bumped into people; I
sprawled in ridiculous positions; my face
went into the dirt; my girdle fell off—I
was grotesque!—*From Vista.*

Pick up that girdle and hand it to the
lady, Apollo.

How Mickey Mouse joined our family

by Westinghouse



• "Plastic dishes with pictures of Mickey Mouse—how in the world did Westinghouse get into that line?" asked a buyer. Well, it's an odd story, showing how the logic of production sometimes leads to surprising answers.

• Among the many electrical products that we make are the outlets, switches, plugs, fuses and other little connections needed in a wiring system. They are known as Bryant and Hemco wiring devices, and are made in our factory in Bridgeport. In 1928, when the amazing possibilities of plastics were startling industry, we took over a nearby plastics plant to mould these various devices.

• The capacity of this plant was greater than our needs, so we either had to cut it down or find new uses for plastics. About that time, scientists created new plastics in vivid, rainbow colors—marvelously suited to tableware, toys, smokers' fittings and hundreds of such things. It seemed a long jump from dynamos and motors, but we had the plant and the plastics, so we plunged into the new field.

• Famous designers went to work — skilled tool makers made

hundreds of new dies — we hired salesmen who knew dishes and tumblers rather than switches and plugs — and almost before we knew it, had an important new business on our hands.

• Our first big hit was with children. They were delighted with fascinating dishes decorated with pictures of Mickey Mouse, Snow White, and other lovable people who live in story books. We have sold millions of dishes glorifying Mickey and his gang! And millions of gaily colored spoons, plates, tumblers and kitchenware, all identified by the well known names they bear — Hemcoware or Safetyware. That ashtray on your desk, the plastic housing of your new electric razor or the beautiful plastic cabinet of your bedside radio—they probably are all of our make.

• Today, this plastics plant is busy with orders from chain and department stores from all over the country... from sales organizations who use these products for premiums and novelties... and from manufacturers who are using plastic parts in their products.

• To us Westinghouse people, trained as we are to do years of research before launching a new electrical product, this overnight success that seems almost to have come out of the air, is startling and refreshing. Actually, of course, it did take a lot of planning and good team work—but still, it's fun to look back and see how Mickey Mouse came to join the Westinghouse family.

The Playwrights' Company presents

PAUL MUNI in
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
 New Play
"KEY LARGO"
 BARRYMORE Theatre, West 47th St.
 Evs. 8:35—Special Mats. Feb. 12 & 22
 Engagement Ends Sat., Feb. 24

As Exciting as New York Itself!
 "Mr. Rice catches again the sharp talk and vivid incident that made 'Street Scene' memorable, and rekindles the glowing life of Manhattan with geniality and humor."
 —ANDERSON, Journal-American

TWO ON AN ISLAND
 by ELMER RICE
 with Luther ADLER • Betty FIELD • John CRAVEN
 BROADHURST Theatre, W. 44 St. Cl. 6-6699
 Evgs. 8:30—\$3.30 to \$1.10. Special Mats. Feb. 12 & 22

ALDRICH & MYERS HITS
 Directed by OTTO L. PREMINGER

JOHN BARRYMORE
 in
"MY DEAR CHILDREN"
 by Catherine Turney & Jerry Horwin
 BELASCO THEATRE—44th St. E. of B'way
 Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
 Lincoln's & Washington's Birthdays

CLARE BOOTHE'S COMEDY SUCCESS
MARGIN FOR ERROR
 SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS. Prices Evs. \$3.30, \$2.75, \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10. Mats. Good Orch. Seats \$2.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
 PLYMOUTH THEATRE • W. 45th St.
 Mats. Lincoln's & Washington's Birthdays

"Most hilarious comedy of the season."—Watts, Herald Tribune
 Herman Shumlin presents

THE MALE ANIMAL
 By James Thurber & Elliott Nugent
 with ELLIOTT NUGENT
 CORT THEATRE, W. 48th St., BR. 9-0046
 Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
 Extra Mats. Lincoln's & Washington's Birthdays

"A HILARIOUS COMEDY"—Watts, Her. Trib.
 SAM H. HARRIS presents

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
 by MOSS HART & GEORGES KAUFMAN
 with MONTY WOOLLEY
 MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St. Mats. Thurs., Sat. & Mon., Feb. 12

GEORGE ABBOTT presents

TOO MANY GIRLS
 The Musical Comedy Hit
 by RODGERS & HART—Geo. MARION, Jr.
 with Marcy Wescott, Hal LeRoy, Mary Jane Walsh, Richard Kellmar, Diosa Costello, Desi Arnaz, Eddie Braeken
IMPERIAL
 West 45th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Gertrude **LAWRENCE**

 A complete triumph. Watts, Herald Trib.
 Fascinating. Atkinson, Times
 Gorgeously human. Mantle, News
 Genuinely entertaining. Brown, Post.
SKYLARK
 Toast of the town. Life
 Glints with sharp humor. Anderson, Jr., Amer.
 We recommend it—good fun. Coleman, Mirror
 See it by all means. Whipple, World Tel.
 MOROSCO THEATRE W. 45TH ST.

THE NEW
HELLZ-A-POPPIN
 Olsen & Johnson's Musical Hit
 "Crazier than the first."
 John Anderson, Journal & American
 WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St.
 Evenings 8:30, \$1.10 to \$3.30, except Sat.
 Matinees Sat. & Lincoln's Birthday (Feb. 12)

OF ALL THINGS

THE Balkan states are trying to think up a way to keep from getting crushed. Their only hope lies in preserving absolute neutrality between the upper and nether millstones.

England and France agree that they have a right to search the mails in time of war. Reading other people's letters is in accordance with international law, if not the book of etiquette.

In his recent speech, Hitler sent loving greetings to his two pals, Russia and Italy. He might very well have added, "May they never meet."

American Communists stick to their story that Russia has not invaded Finland. The Red Army is there, if at all, just for the winter sports.

Mayor LaGuardia says he would be happy to have both national conventions meet in our town. New Yorkers are broad-minded people and will take either Republican or Democratic money at par.

Albany statesmen are thinking of balancing the budget with a tax on tobacco. It is believed that pipe smokers have much pleasanter dispositions than those sullen income-tax payers.

This is the time of year when Congress always has an economy wave. It is beautiful, but it is not a permanent.

We are happy to hear that the Dies Committee will investigate subversive activities in Hollywood. The place is a hotbed of believers in the dictatorship of Mickey Rooney.

The United Mine Workers agree to support any liberal Presidential candidate whom Lewis selects. Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

The rumor that Columbus discovered America has been confirmed by a Harvard professor. This comes at a time when many people are beginning to suspect that it was a good idea.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Theatre Guild Twin Hits!
 The Theatre Guild presents
 Philip Barry's Comedy
 The **PHILADELPHIA STORY**
 with **KATHARINE HEPBURN**
 VAN HEFLIN JOSEPH COTTEN
 NICHOLAS JOY SHIRLEY BOOTH
 SHUBERT Thea., W. 44 St. Cl. 6-5990
 Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
 Mail orders until March 2—361 Seats \$1.10

The THEATRE GUILD in association
 with EDDIE DOWLING presents
 SAROYAN'S gay-mad comedy hit
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
 with EDDIE DOWLING and JULIE HAYDON
 GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way
 Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Thursday & Saturday 2:40

BENEFIT FINNISH RELIEF FUND
 One Week Only—Beg. Feb. 5th
 The THEATRE GUILD in association with
 John C. Wilson presents
 The outrageous production of Shakespeare's
 gayest comedy
"The TAMING of the SHREW"
 with **ALFRED LUNT** and **LYNN FONTANNE**
ALVIN THEATRE
 52nd St. W. of B'way
 Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A PERFECT COMEDY"
 —ATKINSON, Times

LIFE WITH FATHER
EMPIRE Theatre

B. G. De SYLVA presents
Bert LAHR **Ethel MERMAN**
 In a New Musical Comedy
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
COLE PORTER SONGS
 with BETTY GRABLE—BENNY BAKER
 46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075
 Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

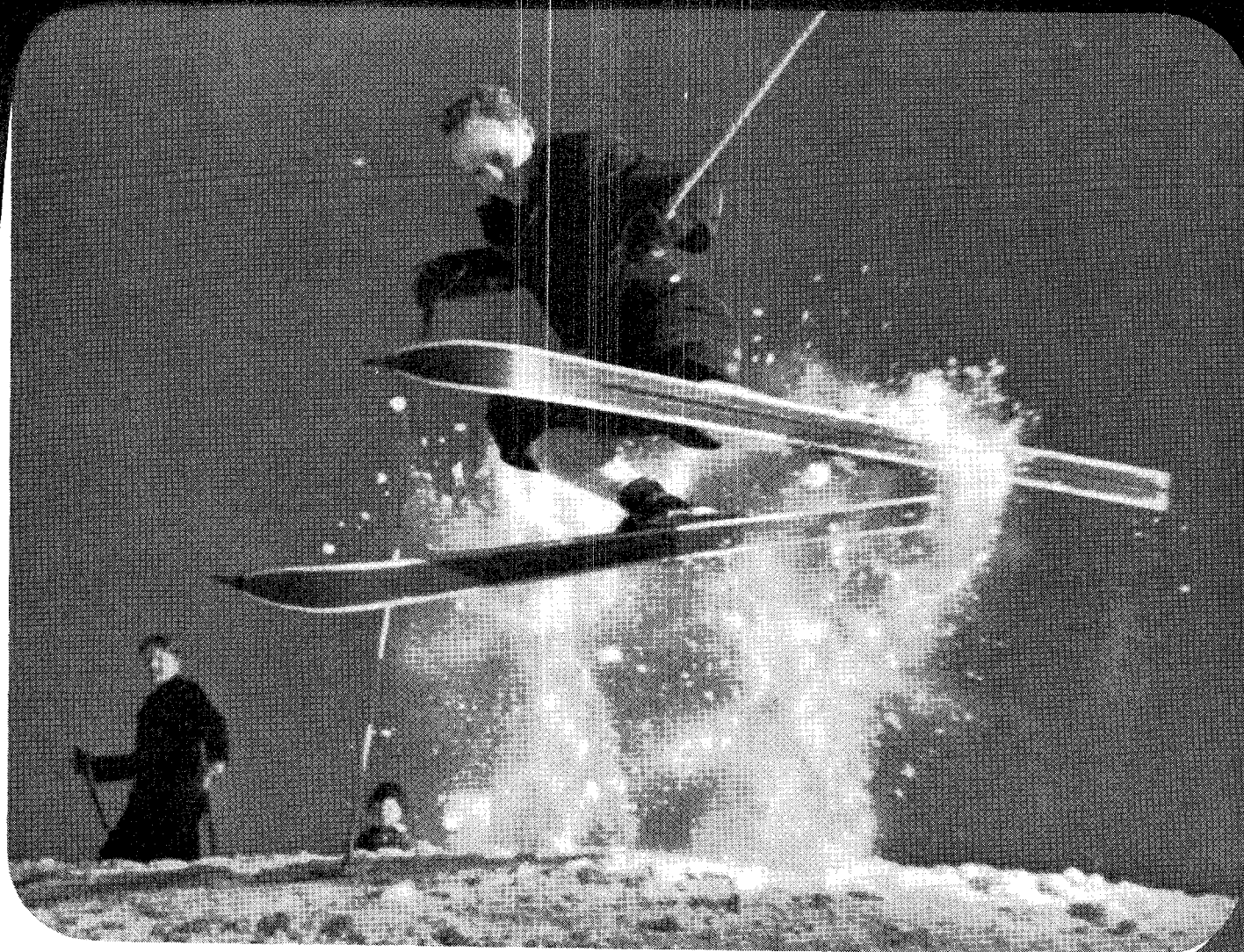
MOTION PICTURES
GONE WITH THE WIND
 While these engagements are limited, G W T W will not be shown except at advanced prices . . . at least until 1941.
ASTOR Daily 2:15, 8:15. Prices: B'way & 45th MATINEES (Exc. Sat., Sun., Hol.) 75c to \$1.10. All Seats Reserved EVENINGS \$1.10 — \$2.20
CAPITOL Come in at any time and see an entire show. Last presentation starts at 9 P. M. PRICES: Before 10:30 5 P. M. (3 P. M. Sat., Sun. & Hol.) Orch. & Bal. 75c; Loges \$1.10. After 5 P. M. (3 P. M. Sat., Sun. & Hol.) Orch. & Bal. \$1.10; Loges \$1.65. All Prices include tax

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LEXINGTON LEXINGTON & 51st	72nd ST. 3rd AVE.	PARADISE IN THE BRONX
ZIEGFELD 54th ST. & 6th AVE.	83rd ST. & B'WAY	OLYMPIA B'WAY & 107th ST.

Starting Thursday, Feb. 8th
Nelson EDDY • Ilona MASSEY
"BALALAIKA"
 plus
 Jackie Cooper in **"THE BIG GUY"**

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 48



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Get the whole story with a Movie Camera

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Hundreds of thousands of people today are enjoying home movies, as one of the greatest and most satisfying pleasures science has given us.

Don't miss this great experience. Own your own movie camera. Begin, now, to record events in your own life that can never be repeated—events you want to keep always.

Only Eastman gives you complete equipment and service . . . Ciné-Kodak—the home movie camera exactly suited to your needs . . . Ciné-Kodak Film . . . Processing that's convenient and included in the price of the film . . . Kodascope—the projector that shows your movies clearly, brilliantly—Eastman all, and all designed to work together.

Your dealer will show you the range of Eastman home movie equipment and project sample movies for you . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

TO MAKE 16 MM. MOVIES . . . Ciné-Kodak "E," the low-priced "sixteen" that has so many high-priced camera features, \$39.50. Ciné-Kodak "K," most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera, \$80. Magazine Ciné-Kodak, 3-second magazine loading, \$117.50.

TO SHOW 16 MM. MOVIES . . . Kodascope Model EE, Series II, capable, low priced, from \$65.45. Kodascope Model G, Series II, Eastman's newest precision-built projector, from \$112.95. Both complete with lens and lamp.

Ciné-Kodak

Eastman's finer home movie cameras





Going to a masked ball? . . . It's more fun with a

WEBSTER

It's exciting to dress up for a masquerade party. It's still more enjoyable when you heighten your carnival mood with the festive fragrance of Webster cigars.

Streamlined mildness and flavor

Websters are custom-made with rare long Havana-leaf filler and a specially selected light-claro wrapper. Their MILD, mellow flavor and modern shapes have won thousands of men accustomed to costly Cuban cigars. Take your Websters along. They'll add to the life of the party!

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CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS

GOLDEN WEDDING
smartly "slenderized"

Perfecto Chico 10c
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10c

First in the Social Register

OUT OF TOWN

Down Among the Cays

THE weather, though it produced photographs of icicle-incrusted kumquats, rattled Florida only slightly. The state shivered happily in the midst of its biggest January in years, the Miami section stayed crowded right through the cold spell, and there isn't a doubt in anyone's mind that, in view of the way its resort season has been lengthening in recent years, things will keep going until mid-April this time. On the other hand, Bermuda, already hard hit by the withdrawal of the Furness boats early in the war and the fears of submarines that Americans have conjured up, was further dismayed when the Pan American Clippers, which in winter forsake Port Washington in favor of Baltimore as their base, were forced by the weather to land and take off as far south as Charleston and even, on occasion, Miami—a long way to go from New York just to begin a trip. By this time, Bermudians may be finding some encouragement in the fact that, week by week, the President Roosevelt (an old boat but a freshly renovated and extremely comfortable one, with a cuisine to cheer about) has carried more passengers on its regular Saturday runs to the islands. It may even be that spring will see a touch of old times on Hamilton's Front Street.

WAR and weather don't seem to have affected Nassau except in one respect: there aren't as many cruise ships touching there with anywhere from three to eight hundred passengers to overrun New Providence for twenty-four hours or so. The regulars, who have gone to the Bahamas year after year, haven't deserted them, and won't, either, until well on toward the first of April. People who want to go South and are wary of the present congestion in Florida may think of Nassau as the solution to their problem, and for them I've collected and condensed the best advice I can find on how to get there.

Unless you have your own boat or plane, or the inclination to charter one, there is only one way to reach the islands direct from New York—on the Munargo of the Munargo Line. She sails every other Wednesday afternoon and reaches Nassau on Saturday morning. From Miami, there are several services. For one, the Kent, an American ship of the Merchants & Miners Line, has been fresh-

ened up this season and until April 4th will be making round-trip runs from Miami to Nassau three times a week, leaving Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It's just an overnight trip and you can take your car along. The Munargo takes on passengers at Miami every other Thursday, but only if she's not full—not the most definite program in the world, but you might strike it right. Then there are two small boats, the Ena K. and the Betty K., whose schedules seem rather tentative; they're supposed to leave Miami on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays for an overnight sail to Nassau. Quick-

est of all, of course, are the Pan American Clippers, which leave Miami every morning at 8:30 and drop into the harbor of Nassau two hours and ten minutes later. Eastern Airlines' overnight planes (not sleepers) from New York make early-morning connections with Pan American at Miami.

The trouble with planes, though, and this applies to trains, too, is getting reservations. One of the principal reasons for my discussing the South right now is to issue a warning about the necessity of reserving passage for every inch of the way as long in advance as possible. Your train berths or plane seats from here to Miami have to be as carefully shopped for as your Clipper tickets or your rooms at the Fort Montagu Beach, the British Colonial, the Royal Victoria, or any of the other Nassau hotels, to say nothing of the guest houses.

Here are a few notes on Nassau: For information and general advice, but not for reservations, consult Miss Hall at the Nassau Bahamas Information Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Columbus 5-4213). . . . No passports or visas are necessary, but it's advisable to take along means of identifying yourself as an American citizen. . . . There's a slight registration charge if you take your car, but you can use your own operator's licence. Traffic keeps to the left side of the road. . . . Bahamas Airways has a seven-passenger Douglas and a five-passenger Loening for charter to any of the outlying islands and cays or even to the Florida coast. . . . Electric current (for that razor or curling iron) is A.C.

THE other day, for the first time, I went down to have a look at the United States Travel Bureau at 45



From Zero to Zenith

AFTER A THRILLING — and chilling — day on a trail or slope, many a skier will tell you that the zenith of comfort and good cheer is to be found in a steaming-hot Four Roses toddy.

Certain it is that a hot drink made with Four Roses is endowed with the same magnificent flavor, mellow richness, and infinite smoothness for which Four Roses long has been celebrated in cocktail and highball.

If you have not become acquainted with Four Roses' surpassing excellence, may we suggest that a pleasant discovery awaits you?

Four Roses

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD



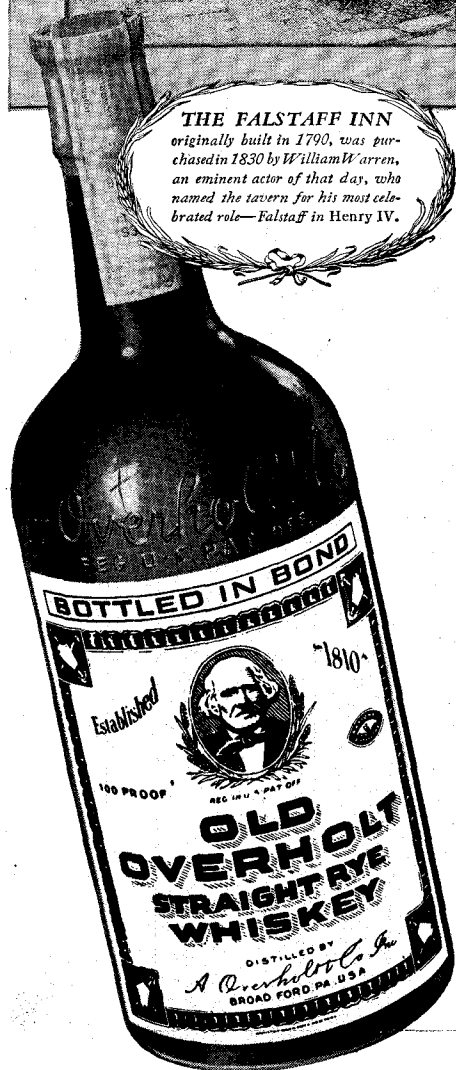
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

They knew Good Whiskey at those old Pennsylvania Inns



THE FALSTAFF INN
originally built in 1790, was purchased in 1830 by William Warren, an eminent actor of that day, who named the tavern for his most celebrated role—Falstaff in Henry IV.

A copy of this etching (11 x 14 inches) and five others of old Pennsylvania inns will be mailed for a limited time on receipt of 10 cents (coin or stamps). Address National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. A, P.O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.



In an era of horse-drawn stages and dusty turnpikes, Old Overholt was a prized whiskey throughout Pennsylvania—just as it is today.

Travelers found this rich, distinctive Pennsylvania rye awaiting them at almost every tavern—a treat to look forward to after a long day's ride.

In the intervening years, the fame of Old Overholt spread throughout the country until now it is the most popular of U. S. bottled in bond ryes—a whiskey of unquestioned excellence, backed by 130 years of character.

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Broadway. This, an offshoot of the Department of the Interior, has been plodding along for three years now without half the fanfare that the city's new Information Center on Pershing Square got in its first two months. The bureau has done a fair but growing business, and the people who run it believe that this year is going to be its biggest, so they're getting ready with paint and dioramas, though not much money. They are concerned only with the United States, and they aren't out to compete with the regular travel agencies; like the staff in charge of the municipal service, they can't recommend any specific private enterprise, such as a hotel, as being better than another, but they can give you all the details about prices, accommodations, and other things which you need to make up your own mind. You can't buy tickets or make reservations through the bureau either, but the staff can set you straight on almost any question you care to ask about railroad, plane, or automobile routes in this country. Being part of the Department of the Interior and closely connected with the National Park Service, it's an ideal source of information on national parks, something which is often difficult to come by in a hurry. A news letter called *Travel and Recreation* is regularly published by the bureau and they'll mail this to you, but they can't undertake to send you railroad pamphlets or other non-government matter. I think of the bureau more as an idea source than anything else.

AMONG the recent travel books are a few pertinent to the South and Southern waters. First and most important is "Florida: A Guide to the Southernmost State," an addition to the American Guide Series put out by the Federal Writers' Project, and I think it comes close to being the best of the lot. That, as you know, is high praise. John W. Vandercook's "Discover Puerto Rico" is really nothing more than a clothbound travel blurb, but "Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands," by Daisy Reck, is a competent if very personal guide. "Lands of Delight," by Eleanor Early, is a pocket-sized collection of chitchat on northern South America and the Caribbean.

—S. R. W.

WHO STEALS MY PURSE—

Things I ought to tear to tatters,
Little piles of junk,
Notes on many paltry matters
Make my purse a trunk.

—ELEANOR GRAHAM

Just six weeks

AT THE HUDNUT SUCCESS SCHOOL MADE THIS AMAZING DIFFERENCE!

NOTE: These two photographs were taken by the same photographer under exactly the same conditions—just six weeks apart. No retouching has been done on either. They give you a true and faithful picture of the wonders being accomplished at the Hudnut Success School!



BEFORE *A discouraged, middle-aged business woman who felt her job slipping! Badly over-weight, figure out of proportion, handicapped by lack of style in make-up and dress! Mrs. Stewart herself says that when she entered the Success School she looked at least 50 and felt much older!*

AFTER *Twenty-six pounds off her figure and at least ten years off her looks! Trim, slim, confident! The Success School made her over completely... changed her whole point of view along with her looks! This new, courageous Mrs. Stewart now sees many successful years ahead for her in the business world!*

WHAT is this Hudnut Success School, where in six short weeks, a woman can be so completely "made over"? And what, you may wonder, could it do for you?

Whatever you need to have done! Your face, your figure, even your personality would be carefully (and mercilessly) analyzed! Then—a special diet planned to meet the individual needs of *your* body. Special "spot" exercises to take off flesh only where you have too much, and to build you up where you have too little! Training, by experts in skin care, make-up and hair-styling. A carefully charted course with close supervision every step of the way!

Six weeks of intensive work and training—five days a week, three hours a day. And you, too, could look and feel a new woman! More than that, you would have learned how to *keep* yourself slim and lovely. You would have a beauty formula to last you through the years.

Why don't you consult us? ... See what the Success School can do for you?

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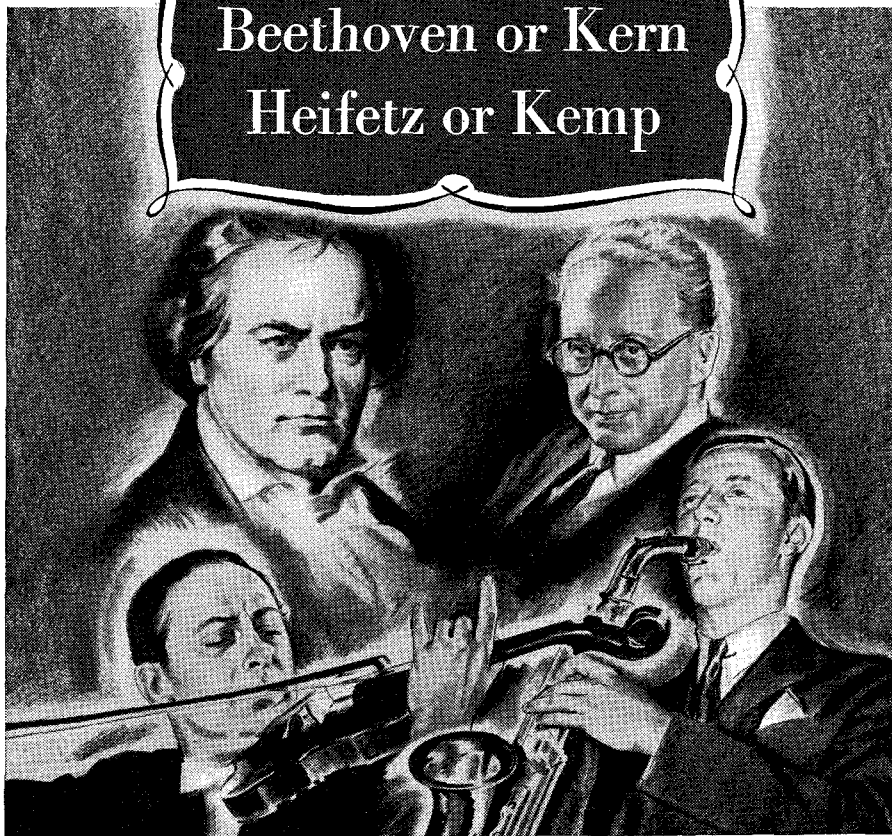
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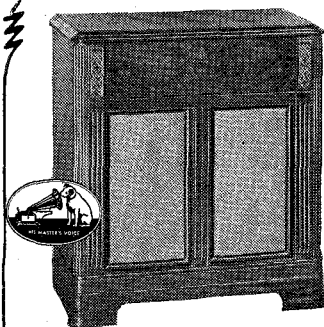
In a reminiscent mood tonight? Then on Victor Records, you'll bring back precious memories with the music from some dear-to-your-heart musical comedy—perhaps "Show Boat," "Naughty Marietta," or "Anything Goes." Or you may crave the stirring beauty of Wagnerian opera, or the fascinating pattern of a Mozart quintet. You can choose what you will on Victor Records. Today, as for forty years, the world's greatest artists choose Victor Red Seal Records to preserve their finest performances. Artists, above all others, recognize the superiority of Victor Higher Fidelity Recording. You hear this superiority in the bril-

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Horowitz to Mathieu



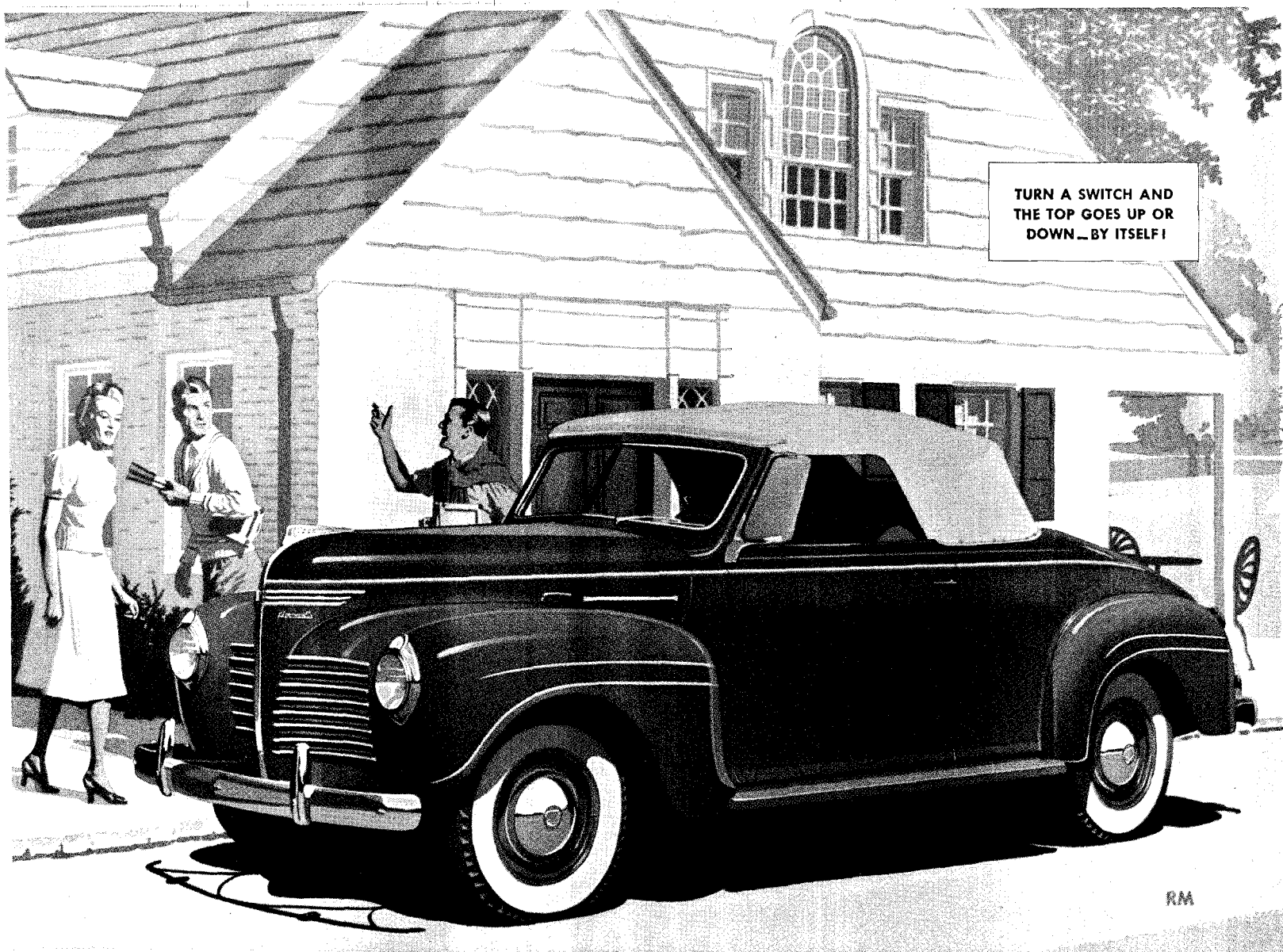
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ's return to Carnegie Hall after an absence of five years drew an audience that was one of the most eager of the season, as well as one of the largest. There were those who came because they remembered his pianism with pleasure and wanted to hear it again; there were some pianists present who were checking up on Mr. Horowitz as an artist—and also possibly as a professional competitor; and there were those who had a personal interest in the musician, among them his father-in-law, Arturo Toscanini, who studied the performance carefully from a box.

The pianist whom all these people heard was not a "new" Horowitz. He looked the same as he did when he was here last, except for a slight increase in width, and his playing had the old Horowitz characteristics—great technical brilliance and a thoughtful approach to the content of the music. The principal changes in his playing were a more mature musicianship and a longer scale of tone color. Mr. Horowitz is, in the familiar phrase, bigger and better.

In addition to his virtuosity, which is enough to make him a standout, Mr. Horowitz has the gift of being interesting. If one could play piano with his ease and skill, one might not approach certain compositions as he does, but whatever one's view of this interpretation or that may be Mr. Horowitz remains an individual and sensitive musician.

This concert also brought back to Carnegie Hall another musical personality who has been away for too long a time—Herbert F. Peyser, the contributor of scholarly and readable program notes for the occasion.

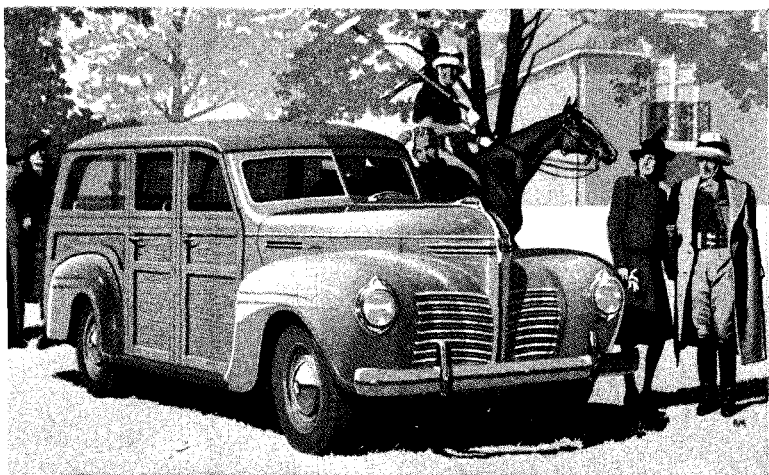
ALONG Broadway near Thirty-ninth, there was an advent of good feeling last week. Lauritz Melchior and Erich Leinsdorf shook hands in front of the curtain after the first act of "Die Walküre." Everybody seemed to be helping out the Metropolitan in its campaign for funds. The annual Wagner matinée cycle got under way with a poised, pacific, and relaxed performance of "Das Rheingold," under Mr. Leins-



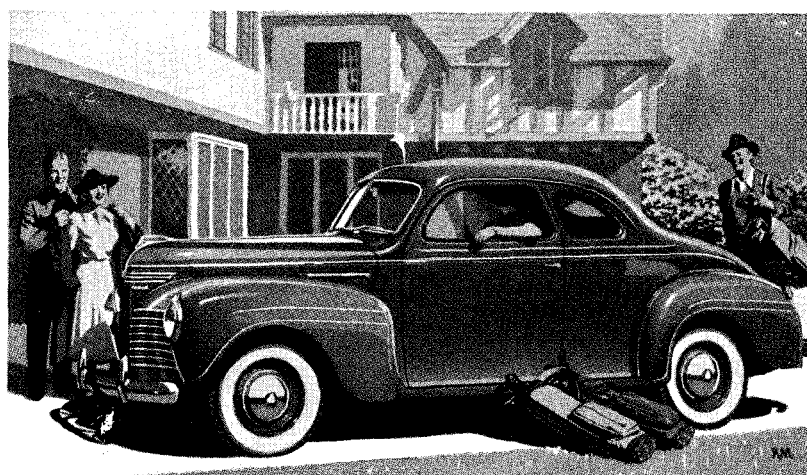
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DISCOVER something new in *value* this year...step out in a stunning, new Plymouth "Sportsman"! What a combination of luxury and *low price*!

The smart, sleek Convertible Coupe again features the famous power-operated top—up or down it goes with the flick of a switch! You'll find auxiliary drop-type rear seats...a roomy rear deck compartment...genuine leather upholstery. And, biggest thrill of all, Plymouth's great *Luxury Ride*!



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1940 PLYMOUTH THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY WITH THE LUXURY RIDE

FEAR and CANCER

by Isaac F. Marcossou

I walk the streets of New York just as I walk the streets of many other places throughout the world where I happen to be. Many times as I strolled up Lexington Avenue I noticed the words "The New York City Cancer Committee" on the upper windows of the building at the southwest corner of Sixty-sixth Street. The word "cancer" has a poignant significance for me. I never see it or hear it without a pang. This is why the lettering on those windows attracted me. I wondered what this committee was doing; what lay behind it. So one day I opened the Red Door, climbed the steps, and found myself in a friendly little world that was big with high purpose.

Throughout a long journalistic life I have sought information. It has been gathered in many lands amid the clash of war, the din of dictatorships, or the vast unrest miscalled peace. I have had to follow the march of events and thus meet the great personalities who make history. Deep in every one of these leaders is the thirst for knowledge, for knowledge, as we all know, is power. On accurate knowledge—intelligence is

the more technical word—economic and political empires are reared and the strategy of wars shaped. Nowhere is knowledge more vital than in the domain, so often the land of the deepening shadows, which is the confine of cancer.

The fear of knowledge of their condition among those who believe they have symptoms of malignant growths costs the world many lives that could be salvaged through early physical examinations. Fear works inexorably its blunders to perform. It can be constructive and destructive. It is constructive when, for example, it touches the prerogative of personal liberty and makes for the eventual downfall of personal government. It is destructive when, in cancer-conscious individuals desperately afraid to "know the worst," it prevents timely diagnosis. In fighting cancer with knowledge unwarranted fear is sterilized. The Red Door has become the portal to hope. Through the agencies that the New York City Cancer Committee is able to enlist, much emancipation of mind is achieved, and likewise the tragic toll that a dread disease takes is reduced.

Reprinted from QUARTERLY REVIEW *published by*
THE NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE
at the Red Door

130 East 66th Street

New York City

dorf's direction, with singing that was prevailingly intelligent if not persistently euphonious.

The presentation in town of the film version of "Louise," with Miss Grace Moore, may have stimulated interest in the Metropolitan's showing of the opera, also with Miss Moore. Last week, Miss Moore was singing through a slight cold that didn't seem to interfere importantly with her work. Apart from outbreaks of uproarious overacting in some of the minor rôles, "Louise" continues to be one of the Metropolitan's best exhibits, with helpful impersonations by Miss Moore, Miss Doris Doe, Ezio Pinza, and René Maison, and a suavely masterful stretch of conducting by Ettore Panizza.

A new soprano, Miss Jean Merrill, appeared briefly at one of the Sunday-night concerts. You may be hearing more from and about this young singer when she has greater opportunities at the institution.

TWO of the Metropolitan luminants, Mme. Lotte Lehmann and Jussi Bjoerling, entertained at concerts of their own. Mme. Lehmann, as usual, demonstrated what meaningful song-singing is. Mr. Bjoerling proved that his recent cold hadn't impaired one of the finest sets of tenor vocal cords now being activated hereabouts.

The violin recital of Efrem Zimbalist reaffirmed the dignity and mastery of his playing. It also reminded people that Mr. Zimbalist is a composer, for the program included his own violin sonata, which he introduced here some years ago. This is able and attractive music, and some of Mr. Zimbalist's colleagues might consider it for their own concerts.

MANY child prodigies are more childish than prodigious, but André Mathieu, a nine-year-old Montrealer who introduced himself, his piano-playing, and his compositions at Town Hall, hasn't much in common with the conventional *Wunderkind*. He has been composing since he was about four, and even his earliest *opera* sound like the works of a musician rather than like the output of a child with a facility for making up music. The same authenticity that appeared in the compositions was evident in young M'sieu Mathieu's playing of them. Make a note to hear him when he's available again. I hope, though, he won't be so occupied with concerts that his gifts won't have a chance to develop normally.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

"Mother's telephone call from New York was a real thrill"

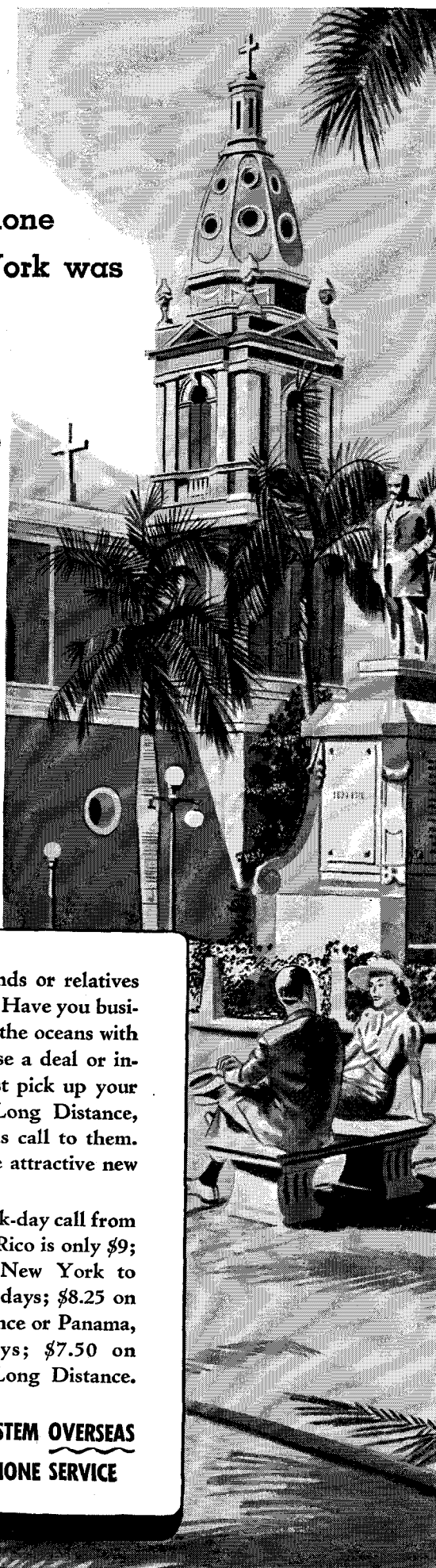
"Oh, we use Overseas Service a lot at the office"

Like to talk to friends or relatives in some far country? Have you business prospects across the oceans with whom you might close a deal or increase an order? Just pick up your telephone, ask for Long Distance, and place an overseas call to them. Here are some of the attractive new rates now in effect:

A three-minute week-day call from New York to Puerto Rico is only \$9; \$6.75 on Sundays. New York to Bogota, \$12 on week-days; \$8.25 on Sundays. Port au Prince or Panama, \$11.25 on week-days; \$7.50 on Sundays. Just call Long Distance.

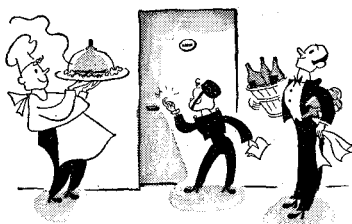


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HERE at the St. Regis you will find several things that are *not* “just like home”—and entirely by design. For instance, you may order a bird—hot or cold—and a 1929 Montrachet in your room, at midnight, if you choose. And without losing your cook! Countless other things you will find, too—small in themselves, but telling a story of complete and effortless ease.

No, we do not try to compete with your home. We try, rather, to give you a luxurious *change* from home. And perhaps the measure of our success may lie in the number of kind, cosmopolitan friends who say “There’s no place like the St. Regis!”

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WHITHER ARE WE PUFFING?

EVERY Christmas someone gives me a new kind of gadget as a present and it takes me until the following Thanksgiving to master it. Then I have a month all to myself. Then it is Christmas again.

A year ago the gadget was one of those upper halves of armchairs you sit in while lying in bed. It made me feel as though I had been bisected. This past Christmas it was a gadget that enables a smoker to smoke in bed without spilling ashes on the counterpane. So now I am learning to smoke in bed.

The gadget is a small metal tray to which a tube three feet long is attached. On the tray is a holder for a cigarette. You place the tray on your bed table, get into bed, and smoke the cigarette through the tube. This prevents you from spilling ashes on your pajamas—provided you keep your mind on your business. Last night, while enjoying a bout with my new gadget (the tray was on a table at the left of my bed), I forgot I was smoking by remote control and made a sudden lunge—whether in sorrow or in anger I don’t just remember now—at the radio which sits at the right of the bed. I forgot I was at the helm of a kind of junior juggernaut until it came sailing over onto the bed and me.

I’ll learn to smoke by remote control in time, but at the moment I have a good deal of nostalgia for the old days when I actually had the smoke right there in my kisser, usually stuck to my lips, so that when I opened my mouth to speak the cigarette ripped up the bias and sent a flood of golden tobacco particles cascading down my tonsils.

THE new gadget spells the doom of flicking—makes it seem unnecessary and even silly. There is no point in flicking at an amber mouthpiece when the ash you are supposed to be flicking is three feet away on the bed table, and you know it. You could indulge in this phantom flicking all night long and never budge a particle of the ash. Maybe it is as well that flicking should go. It is a habit that has been draining an increasing amount of the nervous energy of the American people for years. The new hookah has

already reduced my flicking by three per cent. But I notice I am biting my nails four and three-quarters per cent more than I did during the month before Christmas.

Setbacks are bound to occur when a novice like myself sets out to master something like this newfangled narghile. For instance, my bed table is slightly to the rear as well as to the left of the bed. Occasionally, lying, or perhaps sitting, in my 1938 Christmas gadget, the sitting-lying chair, and smoking away at my 1939 Christmas gadget, it suddenly occurs to me that I am not only not certain whether I am sitting or lying in bed but for all I know I may not even be smoking in bed. I can see the smoke, yes, but I can’t see any cigarette. To reassure myself and curb a growing feeling of panic, I turn quickly to look at the cigarette. In turning, I bump my head against the reading lamp affixed to the bed just above and to the rear of my left sideburn.

I may be unduly apprehensive, but I feel that the time is surely coming when my left ear is going to hit that bed lamp a wallop that will smash the bulb to smithereens and send a shower of broken glass over the bed. I can see this catastrophe impending, but I am unable to do anything about it. I can’t decide whether to move the bed table forward,

so that I can keep an eye on the cigarette, or move the reading lamp to the right, or hire a Hindu fakir to come in by the day and teach me the art of sleeping on broken glass.

I SEE pitfalls ahead if the development of the hookah is not carefully watched and controlled. It must remain our servant; we must not allow it to make a lot of Franksteins of us. Its extensive use entails certain problems which are loaded with dynamite

and which we shall have to face sooner or later. For instance, what rôle is the new gadget going to play at a bed occupied by two smokers? In our present civilization one gadget to a bed is all the traffic will bear. Two attached to one bed would spell confusion, and even disaster, and possibly even more difficult words. The tubes attached to the gadgets would become entangled. Bed-



fellow A would find himself smoking Bedford B's cigarette, perhaps a brand he despises. In the process of untangling, ashes would be spilled. Arguments as to who caused the spilling would follow. Friendships of long standing might be wrecked, and the institution of the Bed, already honeycombed by the bustle and insomnia of modern life, might be dealt its *coup de grâce*.

Is the new hookah worth all this uproar? Will it shatter the time-honored peace of the Bed and reduce that haven to a state of broils and conflagrations? Also, may it not be a clever Communist dodge to bring about totalitarian smoking? Perhaps the smoker, rendered soft and decadent by this luxury, will fall an easy prey to the Reds and wake up one morning to find that he has lost his freedom of smoking and that all the smoking for all the smokers in New York City is being done by one Commissar for Smoking stationed in a central smoke house.

Whither are we puffing? We must ask ourselves this question, and many others, too, such as: What kind of gadget will they be giving us next Christmas? Will it be a device to enable us to drink a Scotch-and-soda through a tube by remote control? God forbid!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

Before I finish this little series on the minting of money I want to speak of certain persons who lose money to so-called "confidence men." The story often goes like this:

"Mr. X drew his life savings from the bank and gave the money to two men who showed him a machine which seemed to make \$1 bills turn into \$10 bills. When he took the machine home to try it, he found it wouldn't work."

People may feel sorry for Mr. X, but I think he should have known better. There is no money-making machine for sale to the public, and if there were one, it would not be honest to use it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

You needn't try to break our spirit!

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From *Down Beat*, a swing magazine]

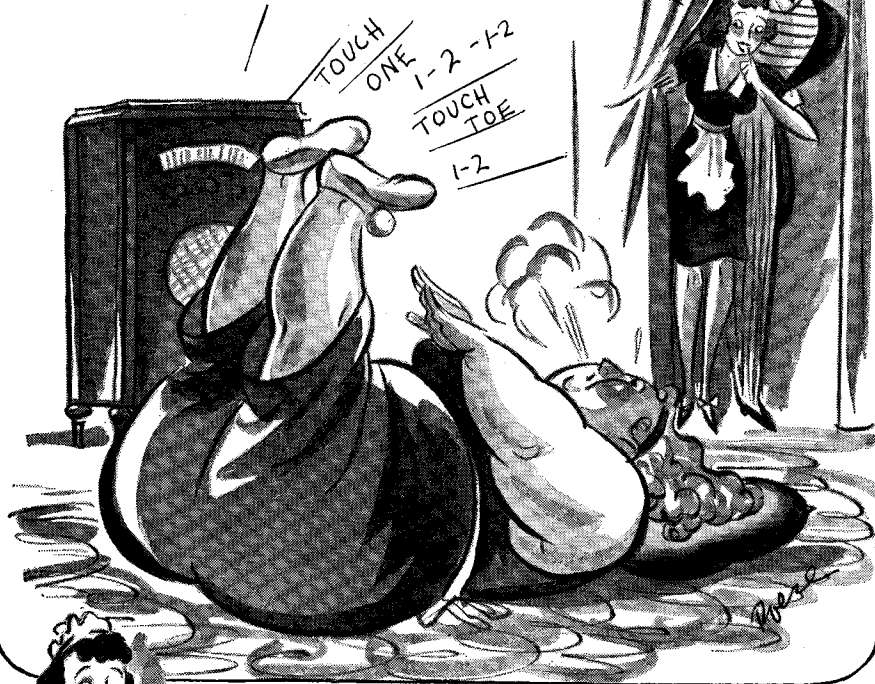
There was no letter associated with the planet Mars, No. 9. This number was considered sacred, God, the highest of all numbers. As an illustration:

JESUS CHRIST
15363 325134

The digits in each name add up to 18. In turn the two digits in each 18 add up to 9. Then these two nines add up to 18, whose digits when added make 9 again. The compound No. 18 imports danger of accidents, family quarrels, fire, explosives, etc.

Now regarding the name Wingy Mannone . . .

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP



Why reduce the hard way? Send for simple Ry-Krisp plan

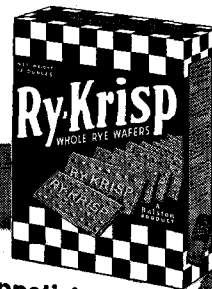
There are right and wrong ways to lose excess fat. The plan outlined in the free Ry-Krisp booklet is the sensible kind of reducing method doctors recommend. No drastic diet, no strenuous exercise.

JUST FOLLOW THESE 3 RULES

1. Eat sensibly. Following the Ry-Krisp plan, a normal person can eat what he likes and lose about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound a day.
2. Exercise moderately. Take a brisk walk each day or regular amount of any exercise.
3. Enjoy 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as your bread at each meal. Ry-Krisp, made of pure whole rye, with no sugar or fats added, has only 20 calories per wafer—yet is a source of energy and helpful bulk.

It's important, in following this reducing plan, to insist on genuine Ry-Krisp. It comes in the red-and-white checkerboard box, has the name Ry-Krisp baked in every wafer. Order Ry-Krisp from your grocer today. Ask for it on trains, planes, at hotels. Serve these delicious wafers with fruit juices, salads, soups, spreads. See how your whole family enjoys their satisfying goodness.

FREE Reducing Booklet—Gives plan for losing 7 pounds a month. State whether booklet is for man or woman. Address Ry-Krisp, 720C Checkerboard Square, St. Louis. Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



Appetizing and Slenderizing

Ground beef patties, boiled potato, green beans, cabbage-carrot salad, toasted Ry-Krisp, butter, sherbet and coffee. See Ry-Krisp booklet for portions and wide varieties of foods you may enjoy while reducing.



REDUCE THE EASY RY-KRISP WAY

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, JAN. 30
AERICAN buyers have been the heroes of the big summer-fashion openings; Paris has appreciated their willingness to risk incredible discomforts (many of them had to stand up on the train all the way from Genoa to Paris), not to mention their lives. The couturiers felt such gallant clients deserved a good show, and they've feted, wined, and dined the buyers as they used to back in 1929.

No one stepping into any of the salons would dream that a war was going on nearby. Military influence has completely disappeared. Evening gowns and restaurant ensembles are seductive, long, and often so narrow at the bottom that in the event of an air raid you'd have to roll, not run, to the nearest *abri*. There is a minimum of black; elaborate jewels, solid-gold trimmings, glowing embroideries, and glorious bright or flowery colors create an atmosphere of lightness and courage.

While design has made no concession to the war, transformation ensembles are everywhere, suggesting that the couturiers have tried to be merciful to wartime budgets. Lelong shows the grandest of these, a black evening tailleur with a long faille jacket which has huge gold chain-mesh pockets. A flaring, floor-length faille tunic can be worn as a cape or tied around the waist to give the effect of a redingote. The long, slim skirt is of black crêpe. Schiaparelli's trick evening gowns with molded lines and low décolletages turn into lithe dinner dresses once you don long-sleeved, embroidered guimpes. The most stunning of them are in her "Sleeping" blue or pirate-red crêpe, embroidered in jet.

I had never thought to see the day when I'd be enthusiastic about jet, but I must confess I like it in the new embroideries, which are of the vampy, 1914 variety and not of the rigid Victorian school. My favorite is Schiaparelli's narrow black dinner sheath, with jet making flower designs around the deep, square décolletage, scallops on

the tiny orchid-pink wool bolero, and trimming for a high-flying black tulle hat. Even stylists who feared that jet would be too heavy for American summers approved the Molyneux restaurant ensembles consisting of a black skirt, a pale blouse, and a jacket that is embroidered with discreet jet patterns. The best of these has a tea-rose-yellow blouse and jacket; with it, you wear a tiny hat smothered in "petticoat veils" of black tulle. Piquet manages to make jet actually youthful by using widely spaced sprig-and-bee motifs on a bouffant evening gown of Nile-green satin. He has a series of pastel satins, the loveliest being one of pale-sand color with silvery paillette embroidery.

HIP yokes furnish the main silhouette news of the collections. They descend from midriffs that are likely to be less confined than they were last season. Schiaparelli's straight skirts, shirred at the top, give the effect of yokes and have the charm of doing away with fastenings.

Temperamentally opposed though I am to peasant styles for urban life, I was utterly won over by Schiaparelli's Finnish belts, solidly embroidered with colorful hearts, flowers—yes, and swords.

The belts are wound twice around, tie with cords, and adorn everything, from sports to evening dresses, including flaring moiré taffeta dinner jackets. I even admire the heavy, opulent gold chains flaunted on so many costumes—an idea borrowed from peasants who put their savings into gold instead of diamonds. Lelong, fond as ever of gold trim, uses it in chains across the backs of black evening gloves, or in great skeinlike chains studded with coins to make a halter for one of his wonderful draped evening gowns of golden-yellow jersey, or in looped peplum girdles that provide the only decoration for the full chiffon evening skirts which hang from them. Schiaparelli uses gold chains for belts and fastenings, and they look particularly well when draped irregularly through buttonholes down the front of dark coats or jackets.

SCHIAPARELLI's best suits are made of fine navy wool. One has fluted navy grosgrain ribbon edging its revers and the saddlebag pockets that are slung on the belt at one side; it is worn with a high-necked navy crêpe blouse with openwork bands at neck and shoulders and a tiny turned-up-in-back straw hat trimmed with masses of field flow-



"I shouldn't tell you, perhaps, but he is Madame Suzanne."

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ers. The combination I liked best consists of a double-breasted jacket with big gold buttons, a white cambric short-sleeved blouse with misty, eyelet-embroidered ruffles, and a small navy straw hat trimmed in front with wings of embroidered cambric. Schiaparelli has lots of good print frocks, simple and low-necked. Some of them have slim, shirred jackets and are worn with huge tilted rustic straw hats, flower-wreathed and mounted on ribbon forehead bandeaux. Her summer-resort evening gowns made of prints of famous French regimental banners and worn with knotted headkerchiefs remind me of old-time patriotic pageants.

LELONG is another who performs the miracle of making an absolutely up-to-the-minute collection without alluding to the war. I've never seen better tailored suits. They're collarless and fit slick but not tight. I love one in men's gray suiting with a double-breasted fingertip jacket, tapering to the waist, and a white piqué blouse and boutonnière. With it, you carry one of Lelong's lively canes covered with matching fabric, from which you dangle a suède bundle-bag. A luscious combination is a gray skirt with russet jacket, gloves, and handbag. Here, too, are slim, long, loose coats with simple drapery around the neck and down the front; these are worn over dresses lighter in tone but with the same kind of drapery. One combination is in two shades of coconut-palm green, another in two shades of gray. Lelong, by the way, has made the only fringed dress I ever really liked—a smart sand-and-black affair. It has a doublet top on which a decorative all-over design is darned in black silk; below this is a fringe skirt. His full-skirted jabot gowns with low-backed bodices and contrasting outline trimming are lovely for summer evenings—pale-rose tulle with dark-blue moiré ribbon outlines, for instance, or black-and-white dotted chiffon with organdie.

MOLYNEUX's daytime clothes are as near perfection as any I ever hope to see. Tight, just-below-the-waist jackets and skirts that have a narrow pleated fabric fan in back give his suits for the young a smart, skimpy look. Other suits have bloused bodices that are kinder to the figure. Best of all are his navy wool ensembles, some with fresh white touches; one has a longish jacket fastened down the front with chunky white enamel hooks and eyes, a lace-trimmed lingerie blouse, and a white flower hat set back to give a wide-eyed, innocent

look. Another navy dress with a jacket has piqué piped pockets, resembling large buttonholes, that are used as trimming in odd places (even the sleeves) and is worn with a white straw bonnet. Molyneux's pet new pointed-apron silhouette appears in a smart, slim navy marocain dress with a brief incrustated apron of navy faille. Loose coolie coats in light wool are good things to wear over odd frocks; one in chamois beige shelters a navy dress with inch-wide lacings and bows of the beige at neck and sleeves. Molyneux runs rather wild for evenings with dashes of heliotrope on 1880 swathed drapes, jackets, and the like, but you forgive all for the sake of one marvellous gray taffeta with roses printed on its pointed apron. Tulips grow in stiff stylized rows over revers of afternoon and dinner jackets. Always, it seems, when spring is at hand, the Molyneux fancy turns to tulips.

—K. C.

AND IN NEW YORK—

EVERY time a new bulletin arrives from abroad indicating that a long-looking torso is imminent, your girl here becomes a bit smugger, because for some time now she has had her neck out predicting this very thing. It makes me happy, too, for, as you may have gathered from frequent low growls in this space, I think the short-waisted, swing-skirted silhouette tends to look cutie on all but young and slender people. Hip yokes and apron lines and jackets extending below the hipbone apparently now intend to become chic, and if they do, they certainly will make our women look more aristocratic.

While the shops in town await the influx of the Paris clothes (which have never sounded better) they are going about preparing for the whims and vagaries of early spring. If it should turn out to be cool, Bloomingdale is all ready with a collection of woollen suits, starting, astonishingly, at \$16.95. These look wonderful even to an eye attuned, during the preceding week or two, to high-priced custom affairs. There are all kinds—strictly tailored ones of tan covert with high, notched revers; one-button ribbed gray things; and the proverbial navy blue with white piqué pipings that are, praise be, detachable. Schiaparelli touches crop up here and there, as in a pouch pocket suspended from a calf belt that may be worn around the skirt or the jacket of a double-breasted suit of men's gray flannel. At slightly dressy lunches, you could feel perfectly self-satisfied in a suit consisting of a black basque jacket trimmed with self-quilted flowers and a skirt that

has unpressed gores giving the effect of pleats but involving none of the attendant upkeep. Another suit of the same type has a jacket with all-over braid embroidery. There are any number of handmade blouses to wear with all of these; some are of crêpe de Chine and are adorned with hemstitching or pleated frills; others are exquisitely made of batiste and baby-clothes lace. There is a large assortment of them at \$6.50.

Franklin Simon think that a balmy spring is far smarter than a chilly one, so their current collection includes a group of one-piece crêpe dresses with short jackets to match. Scroll decoration is in favor here; witness the zipped-up jacket of navy rayon with narrow gros-grain ribbon achieving the effect of soutache braiding. They already have on hand quantities of springlike small prints trimmed with white piqué collars and nosegays of violets, and peplum jackets in little black-and-white checks with velvet Peter Pan collars—something American women like to make a uniform of once the weather gets warm. They cost from \$19.95 up.

High-style fashions that are becoming to a variety of women certainly get around in a hurry. At Franklin Simon, there is a rash of those chignon turbans (starting at \$12.75) in Javanese cottons, in gay silk prints with open or closed crowns, in stitched straw cloths, and in taffeta. Look at one of black taffeta with a huge bow across the nape of the neck if you want to remind your wealthy suitor of Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade."

A TINY shop nestling quietly at 47 East 58th Street and called Le Bas Lillian started out to be strictly a stocking paradise but now also carries a few well-selected accessories. Among the notable stockings to be found here are some three-thread Strollers, which look thinner than they act and cost less than a dollar a pair. Others are of one-and-a-half thread, and only empresses could want anything sheerer; \$1.35. The colors are particularly fortunate—light, neutral shades that have no harsh purple or orangey undertones. Among the accessories are some sweaters that you will think wonderful even before you realize that the price (\$5.95) is attractive too. They're waist-length, finely woven pastel affairs for evening or for dressy summer wear and have contrasting embroidery down both sides of their zipper closings. Nice. Here, too, at a dollar, you will find vast French cotton handkerchiefs in soft plaids, either for your neck or to wrap around your head.

The shop even has a perfume all to itself, a languorous Spanish one laden with sandalwood and called Tabu—a voluptuous and a lasting scent. Your furs actually smell better a day after applying it than when you first put it on.

THERE is no question but that the small shops which specialize in antique jewelry have a confusing way of all looking alike at the first glance. However, each succeeding glance around Charles Walker's Petit Musée, upstairs at 20 East 57th Street, will bring you fresh and unexpected delight. People who adore unusual heavy gold jewelry, for instance, can have a field day here. There are quantities of knobby antique watch chains with cunningly involved links—horseshoe links, anchor-chain types, snaky ones, twisted ones. Many people have been collecting old seals for bracelets and good ones are harder and harder to find, but Walker still has some. He also has a collection of keys for old-fashioned watches, to be worn as ornaments on a necklace; then there are old locket made of great oblong hunks of carnelian, bloodstone, topaz, and the like. Other dangles include hearts (already almost a conventional item on hobbyists' lists), gold thimbles, and miniature bells and pitchers. He has ornamental cuff buttons from the Age of the Dandies that he delights in converting into earrings. Look at his tiny blackamoors' heads, you who have Victorian leanings. There are, naturally, one-of-a-kind rarities, such as a rhinoceros-horn bracelet of the kind worn by Queen Victoria, with diamond stars gleaming on it, and a black-enamel and diamond Longines watch, surrounded by filigree gold, that won prizes at the Paris Expositions of 1878 and 1885. A tempting place to prowl through, and no trash that I could see anywhere.—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Work of Experts

AN event of some importance took place here toward the end of January, when the members of the American Institute of Decorators got together at the Waldorf for their annual conference. Absorbed in your own workaday problems, you may have missed even hearing about this meeting, but if you are reasonably quick, you still have time to see a few of the exhibits which it inspired. A collection of glass fabrics and plastic furniture and sculptures at Emma Romeyn, 32 East 57th Street, remains intact and is well worth seeing; Lehman-Connor's startling cur-

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The Club is controlled and managed by the Cruickshank family of New York who still maintain the remainder of their 50-year-old 4,000 acre estate. Club House Inn with rooms and meals open to visitors whether immediately interested or not.

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Big Indian Mountain Club
BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

tain lengths of fabrics printed with enlarged photographs (these wowed the Institute) remain on view at the company's showrooms, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd); and for another week at least a display will be open from nine to five every day but Sunday in the Institute's local headquarters, 595 Madison Avenue (57th). This is a showing of maquettes (call them room models if you prefer), photographs, and portraits of rooms—simply homework to the profession but to the lay eye a fascinating lesson in Trends and in the working methods of forty of the top decorators of our time.

Happily, you don't have to hurry so to see the exhibit which Nancy McClelland put on in her showrooms at 15 East 57th Street in honor of the Institute. As befits a hit, this show seems assured of a run long enough to give everyone a chance to study the distinguished McClelland touch in a comfortable and leisurely fashion. Here you'll find seven booths, each furnished to represent part of a room, done in wallpaper from Miss McClelland's growing collection of native American charmers. The papers, of course, are a specialty of the shop, and they are the stars of the show. All have been copied from originals found in historic American houses, and the job that has been done on them is superb, even the prices—\$2.75 to \$6 a roll. It is difficult to narrow the field down to two or three choices, but I find myself partial to the shield design, an all-over pattern of tiny shields marked off in panels by stripes of gold-starred blue; to a sprawling arrangement of roses on a gray-blue background which can be matched in plain paper for dado and panelling effects; and to the bird-and-dog design, in which those creatures appear amid village-green scenery. The chance to see those papers used as a decorator would use them in your home, with appropriate borders and panelling, is something to be grateful for.

IN its own modest way, Macy's Guilford House, newly redecorated for spring, presents another potent lure to February shoppers. Guilford House owes its large following to the eminently snitchable decorating ideas for country cottages that crop up each season within its walls as well as to the merchandise on sale. Its double organdie curtains (two full pairs to a window), asymmetrical mantel arrangements, and petticoated muslin bedspreads are traditions by this time, and one of the new ideas there—a child-size armchair upholstered to match and stand beside the

big one in Mother's bedroom—seems bound to become just as popular. Look, too, at the bedroom furnished in maple; it has broad-striped walls in "hot pink" and white (it's a new combination of Early and Modern American that really works) and at the black-lacquered head of a merry-go-round horse posed, like a piece of sculpture, on top of a cabinet. If you don't know where you can lay your hands on an old carousel horse, Macy will part with this notable piece in Guilford House for \$29.95.

Another innovation at Guilford House this year is a bulletin board out on the porch, hung with samples and prices of the fabrics and wallpapers used in the rooms and miniature models of bedspreads and curtains that can be made up to order—a handy idea, since there's no one hanging around just to answer your questions, and it takes some of the sting out of the "Please Do Not Handle" signs that abound inside.

MRS. MARK JACKSON'S STUDIO, 25 West 51st Street, birthplace of that fine Patina furniture wax, is out with a new spot remover called Reviva. Used gently upon fairly recent heat, water, or alcohol stains on lacquered, varnished, or polished table and desk tops, this stuff is little short of miraculous in its effect, effacing every ring and mark and leaving behind it a surface not only unmarred but glowing with a soft polish. It may leave traces—but only traces—of ancient stains on old, battle-scarred pieces that didn't have too good a finish to begin with, but most of the time even such things look as good as new after a treatment of Reviva. It is a dollar a half-pint bottle; you order it by mail or telephone.

THE good people of Lewis & Conger's Sleep Shop, who are subject to insomnia from worrying over ways to lull their jittery clients to rest at night, are in transports of excitement over a new sort of night-time ear-stoppers



made of latex and wax. You stuff them in your ears at bedtime, and then the telephone becomes a dulcet tinkle, a backfiring cab no more than a series of gentle, faraway pops, and the radio in the next apartment no longer exists. They're called Nods, and you get a box of six for \$1. The shop also has Cumfort-Grippers, which are clips that fasten quilts or puffs to the mattress so simply you'll be ashamed you never thought of them yourself. Highly efficient, and \$1.50 a pair. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Cognac



YOU may very well think this a funny time for Americans to begin cultivating a fine taste in cognac; with the war making shipping difficult, it would seem more reasonable for people to be brooding over something handy, like, for instance, Bucks County cider. Instead, they are getting more and more finicky about their brandies, and the fact that there is no lack over here of good cognac to be choosy about is just one more puzzling phenomenon of this puzzling war.

Knowing what you like is the important consideration in brandy, as in everything else. Since, however, you are apt to get more nearly what you like if you know something about the background of what you are getting, a brief résumé of the very strict French classification of cognacs may be useful—and not, I hope, too pedantic-sounding. What makes me bring up the subject is a conversation I overheard at a restaurant the other day in which one of our elaborately self-conscious connoisseurs was laying down the law to a modest disciple. "*Fins Bois*" on a cognac label, he said, refers to the wood in which the spirit has been aged.

The fact is, *Fins Bois* is one of seven classified growths of brandy produced in certain regions of the department of the Charente which, by French law, are entitled to use the word "cognac." The classifications are, in order of quality: *Grande Champagne*, *Petite Champagne*, *Borderies*, *Fins Bois*, *Bons Bois*, *Bois Communs*, and *Bois à Terroir*. Plenty of brandy—some of it exceedingly good—is made outside this region, but none of it is cognac. The brandy trade has its shady practices, heaven knows, but using a cognac label on any spirits not made in the prescribed sections of the Charente isn't one of them

Be one of the Crowd —and be Moderate, too!

Luncheon

Keep in tune with the time of day. Try a Count Rossi cocktail—straight Vermouth, two ice cubes, slice of orange, twist of lemon peel.



Cocktails

Something new—a Vermouth Old-Fashioned! Use Old-Fashioned recipe without sugar. Substitute Martini & Rossi Vermouth for whiskey ... serve cold.



After Dinner

Want something special? Try an Americano. Half fill a glass with Martini & Rossi Vermouth, dash of bitters, slice of lemon peel, seltzer, lots of ice.



Late Evening

To cool off between dances, sip Vermouth and soda. Two jiggers of Vermouth—ice and seltzer to taste. Tall ... cool ... and a delicious flavor!

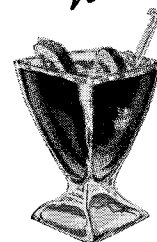
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- 3 All Vermouth drinks should be served iced. Ask for it this way when dining out.
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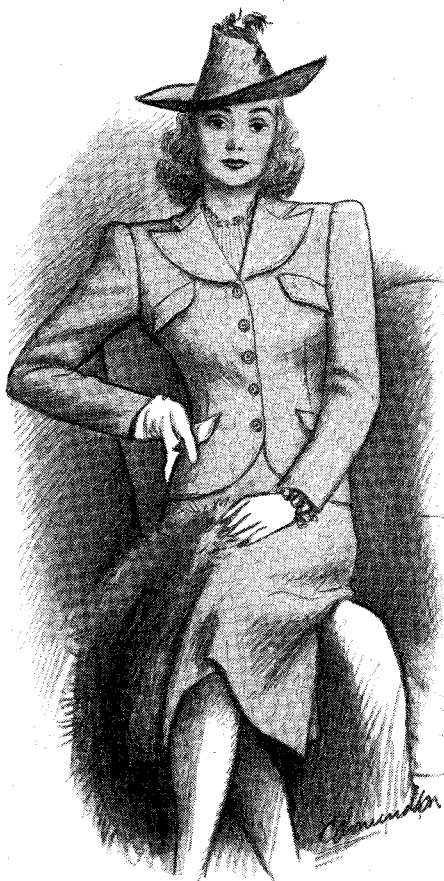
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—the French government sees to that.

The *Champagne* cognacs—*Grande* and *Petite*—have, of course, no connection with the region, some three hundred miles away, which is famous for sparkling wine. The districts where all three—the two cognacs and the wine—are produced are similar, however, in that they have the same chalky subsoil and the bare plains to which they owe their name. Cognacs from the *Grande* and *Petite Champagne* districts are entitled to use the French adjective "*fine*," although this doesn't mean that some *Borderies* and *Fins Bois* aren't extremely fine in a less technical sense. After these, though, quality begins petering out until you get to the brandies of the *Bois à Terroir*, which are produced in the district along the coast and are utterly unworthy of the name of cognac regardless of what the French lawmakers may think.

I can't imagine anybody who is at all interested in brandy not knowing by this time that the hullabaloo about the Napoleon vintage in cognacs is pure nonsense. Plenty of unusually fine brandy was laid down in 1810 or thereabouts, but since from five to eight per cent of the distilled spirit would have evaporated each year and the casks would have been kept full by the addition of more brandy of the same vintage, the chances are that very few drops of real Napoleon brandy existed after, say, 1880. Even in the case of much more recent vintages there is precious little of such unadulterated cognac in the world, and that little is mostly the valued, and usually inherited, property of vineyard owners of the *Champagne* district of the *Charente*; none of it is cheap, and if it was laid down in a great year, it is worth, to an amateur of old brandy, whatever price is asked for it. Most of the ordinary but quite respectable grades of commercial cognac are diluted with distilled water and colored with caramel. There is nothing the least underhanded about such a practice; cognacs less than twenty-five years old, which means all the moderately priced ones that reach these shores, would be undrinkably strong and almost colorless if they hadn't been treated in this way. It's probably unnecessary to remind you, in passing, that brandy never improves once it is bottled and may even deteriorate over a long period of time.

SO much for the academic aspects of cognac. For the benefit of fanciers who want to put their learning to practical use, I have done considerable experimental tasting recently, sticking to rather special and unadvertised spirits on

the assumption that anybody who is at all interested in the subject must have made up his mind one way or another about the popular brands of cognac. To keep things straight in my own mind and to avoid comparisons which might have confused me as much as trying to judge shoes and peaches by the same standards, I have divided the cognacs which I consider worth recommending into two price groups. It is quite probable that I have overlooked some fine specimens, but at least I have experimented with twenty-odd cognacs, and I pass on to you what I believe to be the best among them. If I have missed anything, it's my loss.

Here, then, to start with, are some cognacs which cost less than \$6.50 and are extremely good of their kind; all are over twenty years old and all are worthy of appearing on even a connoisseur's nightly dinner table. The age is not given on the bottles, since it is against the law to sell brandy with such information printed on the label unless the dealer can show a certificate of age from the French government, and in many instances it is impossible to get these certificates because no records were kept when the brandy was laid down. The *Grande Fine Champagne*, V.S.E.P., of Dupuy d'Angéac, sold by A. N. Luria, 1219 Madison Avenue (88th), for \$3.99, is a delicate, dry brandy with considerably more distinction than many I have tasted recently at twice the price. The *Grande Fine Champagne*, Cachet Blanc, of the same house and also carried by Luria, is like V.S.E.P., only just a little more so, as it should be at \$5.75. Busnel, *Fins Bois*, to be had at M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), is another delightful cognac and a very good one for \$6; it is rather dark in color (no caramel) but charmingly light in body and has a pleasant bouquet of apples, which is said to come from its having been aged in calvados casks. A dependable brandy is the V.E. of Bellows & Co., which you can get at Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (66th), Bates & French, 96 Park (40th), and from other merchants who handle the Bellows spirits. Still another delightful and moderately priced brandy is the *Liqueur Cognac* of Berry Brothers, sold by Lehmann for \$6.31.

ANY discussion of higher-priced cognacs should begin—and I almost said end—with the magnificent *Grandes Champagnes des Héritiers* imported by Berry Brothers. This impressive group of unblended cognacs of the years 1848, 1865, and 1875 was inherited by the

family of a man who once cultivated extensive vineyards in the Charente, and the authenticity of the vintages is beyond suspicion. Here is *Grande Champagne* in its original state, mellowed to an almost incredible softness. Berry Brothers, since the regulations stand in the way of their printing the age on the labels, present the collection to us simply as *Grande Champagne des Héritiers*, Categories Nos. I, II, and III, at \$17.50, \$14.50, and \$13, respectively, but the year of each category is burned into the corks, so that the purchaser is reassured upon opening a bottle. No. I (1848) is easily the finest of the group; No. II (1865) falls abruptly below the No. I standard and is, I think, greatly excelled by the No. III category of 1875. All three, however, are so superior as to make discussion of their merits or demerits perfect nonsense. These brandies are to be found at M. Lehmann, Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (62nd), and Cork & Bottle, 540 Madison Avenue (55th). Another well-rounded, beautiful spirit which is decidedly for great occasions is Hine's Unblended *Grande Champagne*, sold at \$12.50 by A. N. Luria, Bates & French, and H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street; and still another is Hine's *Triomphe*, for \$9, at Sherry Wine & Spirits and Bates & French. Finally there is the London Dock Cognac, imported by S. S. Pierce and sold by Sherry Wine & Spirits for \$8.25. It is a light-bodied, extremely delicate brandy—dry and with a good bouquet. Although bottled in London, it is an entirely authentic cognac and good value for the price.

And now, one practical suggestion. All brandies are hurt by contact with the air, so if you want to keep your cognac at its best, don't let a half-empty bottle stand around indefinitely. —S. H.

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

If a wise citizen of Paris wants to know what Hitler and Stalin are thinking, what will be the next fantastic episode in an improbable war, he reads what Geneviève Tabouis has to say in *L'Oeuvre*, then waits for the exact opposite to happen.—*Time*.

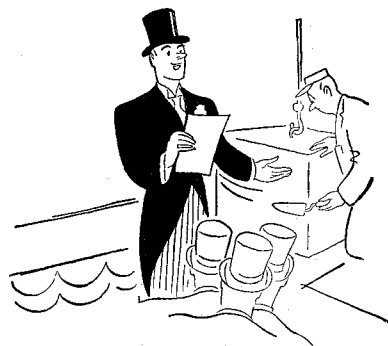
Geneviève Tabouis is the Cassandra columnist of France. As the pessimistic political prophetess of the Paris press, in her daily rubric in *L'Oeuvre* she forecast with accurate melancholy this year's war, last year's Munich appeasement, the German army maneuvers that led to the Austrian Anschluss, the failure of the Franco-Anglo-Russo alliance, and on February 12, 1939, predicted that Prague would be taken on March 11—four days before even Herr Hitler got around to it.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

GREAT AMERICANS AT HOME

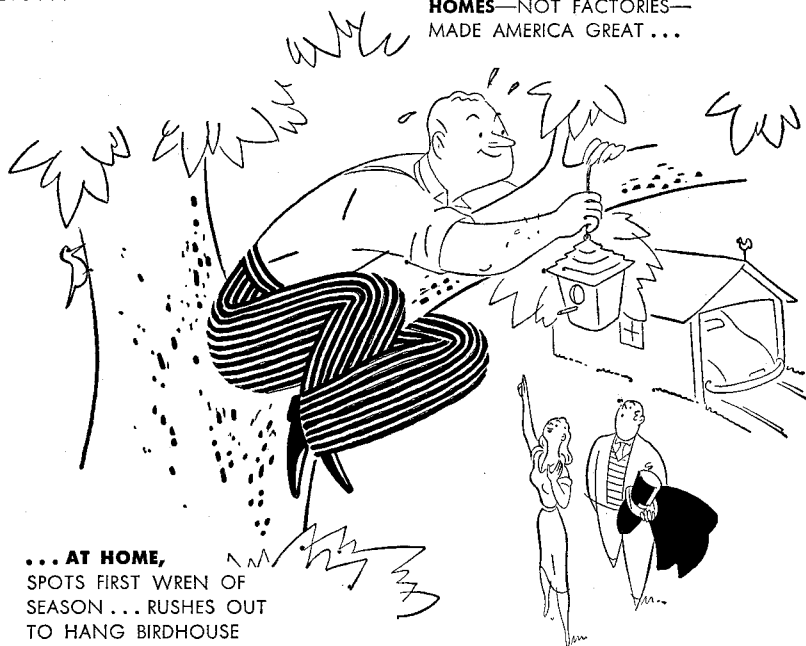
NO. 3—CONSTRUCTION KING



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SPOTS BLUEPRINT FOR 110-STORY
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FLOORS ... "RAISES ROOF"...



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CORNERSTONE LAYING FORGETS
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HOMES—NOT FACTORIES—
MADE AMERICA GREAT ...



... AT HOME,
SPOTS FIRST WREN OF
SEASON ... RUSHES OUT
TO HANG BIRDHOUSE
HE BUILT HIMSELF ...
SURE, BUSINESS IS VITAL
BUT—

—It's Living that Really Counts

... and the fun of living is not confined to those who can afford custom-built birdhouses! Whether you are selling building materials or toilet soap, the market that really counts is made up of people with the desire and the wherewithal to buy. **The American Home** magazine—devoted exclusively to editorial ideas on living—today offers these people more than any other magazine ... has gained more than a million and a half new readers since 1932!

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THE MARKET-PLACE FOR IDEAS ON LIVING

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE days, if such there ever were, when war correspondents dashed about the world miles in advance of awed armies must have ended before this war began. Now, if you're a correspondent and you want to go up to the French front, you address a letter to Mr. Maynard Barnes at the United States Embassy in Paris, telling your place of birth, your university, your journalistic history, some references, and your reason for wishing to visit the front. Mr. Barnes forwards your request to the Intelligence Section at General Headquarters, and in a week or so, unless you have given Fritz Kuhn as a social reference, you are granted a pink paper called a "Special Mission Accorded by the General Staff for the Purpose of Journalism," which is good for a week or ten days. You pick up the pink paper at the Embassy office in the Hôtel Continental, where a good-natured young woman gives you instructions for getting to the front. She tells you to go to Nancy, and to wait there at a certain hotel for a press officer from the Intelligence Section, who will have further instructions. She also tells you to carry a gas mask and a field helmet. You already own a gas mask, but you borrow an American helmet from an attaché at the Embassy. In an American helmet you feel less done up for a masquerade than you might in a French one.

I LEFT Paris on my first "mission" on December 23rd. I took the noon train to Nancy, which rolled at its peacetime express clip until nightfall, when, because of the dimmed signal lights, it dropped into a cautious crawl. Arriving at Nancy that night, I found the town blacked out completely. Luckily the hotel is directly across the street from the station, so I was able to reach it without any trouble. A woman at the hotel desk told me that the press officer had not arrived yet, but if I cared to step into the *brasserie* of the hotel I would find a number of other American and English correspondents awaiting him. I could immediately distinguish the correspondents in the *brasserie* because their uniforms were much more magnificent than those of the French military at the other tables. A particularly tailored-looking uniform on a photographer for *Life* had the French officers gnawing their mustaches with envy. The most

THEY DEFEND THEMSELVES

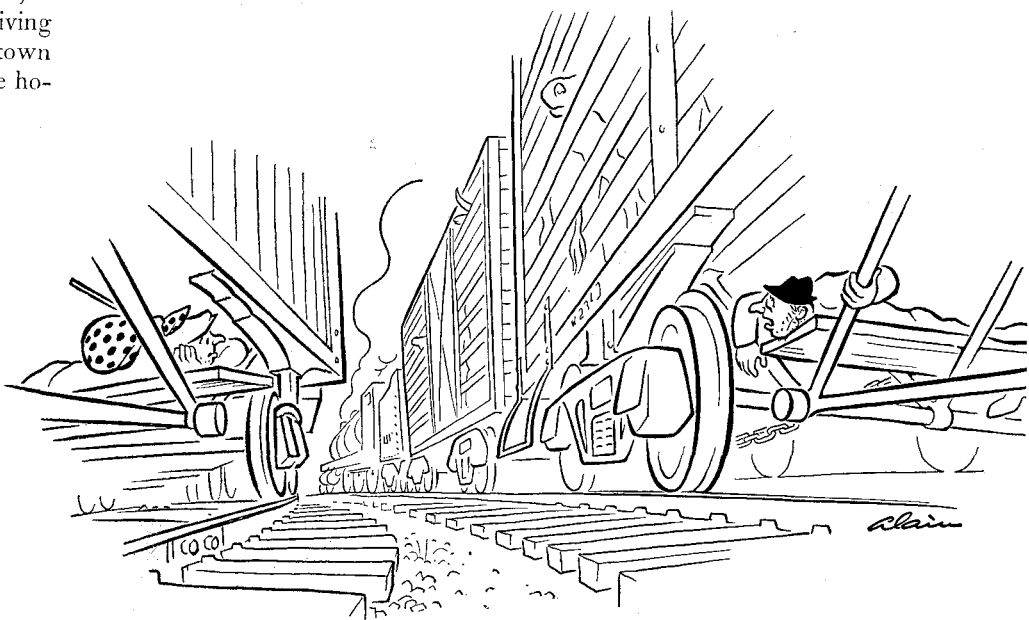
lavishly accoutred man I have seen in France turned out to be an employee of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Since I was trying to get by in riding pants and a vaguely brownish topcoat, I felt like the only ship passenger in a lounge suit at the captain's dinner. I was cheered by the costume of Mr. Browne of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who had come to the war in tweeds. After one look at each other, Browne and I decided to stick together so that we wouldn't feel inferior.

Most of the correspondents, it developed, were planning to go to a great Christmas Eve midnight Mass in a fortress of the Maginot Line. Columbia and N.B.C. were to broadcast the Mass and a number of the newsreel companies were to film it. Before the press officer appeared, I was afraid that I would be packed off to the broadcast with all the others, since the Intelligence Section, I figured, probably thought that all Americans were hysterically fond of *radiodiffusion*. But the officer, a cheerful captain, was so eager to please everybody that he gave Browne and me permission to take a train to Alsace the next afternoon and visit the front there. An officer would call for us when we arrived at a station the captain named, and in due time we would be allowed to see the front.

WHEN, early the next afternoon, we got to our station, we could see we had arrived at the war, because there

were no women in sight. Here, against a background of brown, frozen earth and sleety roads, of trees covered with rime, and of the ugly, amorphous buildings of a railway junction town, there were only soldiers. Most of the men on our train were *permissionnaires* returning from furlough. They lingered around the railroad station unhappily, like students returning from a holiday, then moved off in the direction of their cantonments. Browne and I didn't bother to look for our officer; we were so incongruous in that crowd that he couldn't possibly miss us. After we had waited a while, an officer stopped in front of us. He had a square jaw and high Celtic cheekbones, and was about as big as a Brooklyn pitcher. "Lieutenant Sauvageon," he announced as he saluted, "aviation officer of the Divisional Staff." Sauvageon stepped aside and we could see another officer behind him, a slight, smiling man who carried a bamboo cane and maintained a monocle in his right eye. Introducing him to us, Sauvageon said, "Captain de Cholet is one of the few cavalymen in our sector. He is on the staff also." "I have a horse," the Captain said, "but he is in Paris."

A soldier came up, took the one valise in which Browne and I had concentrated our possessions, and carried it to a 1936 Citroën that had a red-and-white-striped pennon on the forward end of the left mudguard. "*Fanion du Général*," the soldier volunteered pleasantly, pointing to the pennon. The soldier's name, we learned, was Sieg-

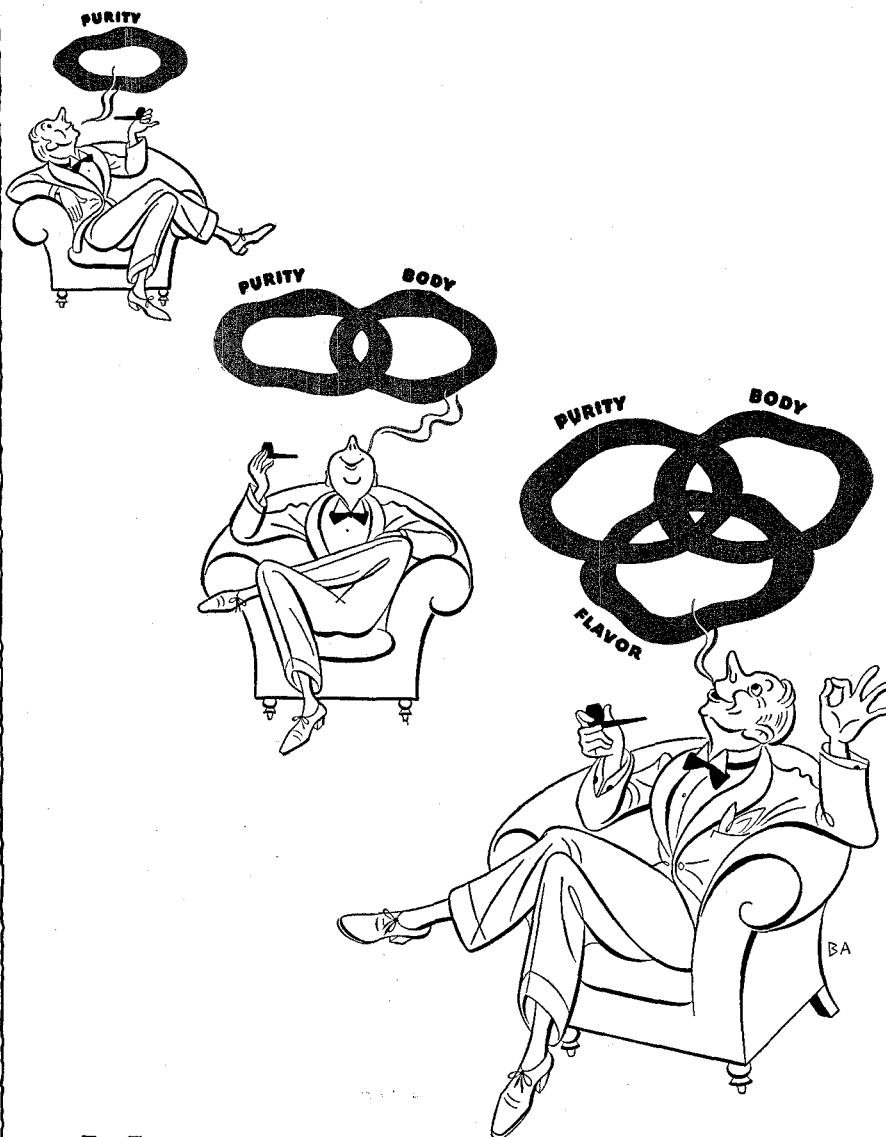


"I didn't sleep a wink. Those cattle walked the floor all night."

fried. It was a standing joke with the Captain and the Lieutenant that Siegfried, who was an Alsatian, had constructed the Siegfried Line. Browne and I rode in the rear with the Captain between us, and the Lieutenant sat in front with Siegfried, who drove. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The road was glassy and the mist was very heavy. "Evidently it is not a good day for observation," said the Captain. "Moreover, we are sufficiently distant from anything to observe. Therefore, Lieutenant, where can we buy a drink?" "Siegfried," said the Lieutenant, "can you discover the mess of the balloonists?" Siegfried did not answer, but after ten minutes of blind navigation he landed us in front of a shuttered tavern.

We all walked into the taproom, which was decorated with a green tile stove, a Christmas tree, and enough antlers to fit out a small museum. At a heavy, bare table a half-dozen soldiers of the Balloon Corps sat with aniline-dyed apéritifs, wrangling over a card game. A young lieutenant got up from among them to greet us. The officers' mess was upstairs, he explained, but he was the only officer in the house, so he had come down to the bar for company. We invited the lieutenant to join us, and Siegfried took his hand at the card table. We all ordered hot grog, and the drink stimulated Browne to ask the balloonist if he had seen anything of a war which, according to the people in the United States, was at that moment in progress between France and Germany. The lieutenant, it seemed, had actually been under fire. The company had an observation balloon at a nearby field, and twice, when it was up, Messerschmitts had come after it. Both times the ground crew had pulled the bag down safely. Lieutenant Sauvageon said that several German machines had come down in the sector. "Curiously," he added, "three of them were undamaged. The pilots said they were air-sick. We reported them as shot down because we did not want their families to have any trouble in Germany."

After talking a while, we said goodbye to the balloonist, wished him a merry Christmas, and went out to the Citroën. By now we might as well have been in somebody's pocket for all we could see, but Siegfried, who knew the terrain, was able to feel his way. "It is now evidently quite impracticable even to try to observe," the Captain said, "so we will take you to the fort where you are to lodge tonight. It is an old German fort, one they built after they took Alsace from us. It is not a very good

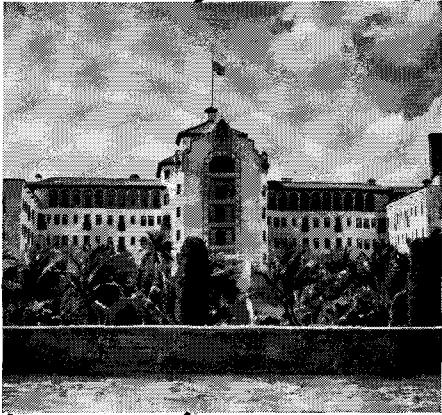


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fort, but it is comfortable, and when we get there the Colonel will buy us a drink." Sauvageon, still seated in front, turned around and said, "We picked this Colonel specially for you because he is having a big Christmas party and he will have the best oysters and *foie gras* in the sector, better even than the General. He is a Parisian and he likes to talk to visitors because he has been in the fort now for four months."

IT took a long time to reach the fort, and when we arrived we had to cross a drawbridge spanning a moat to get to it. The forts the Germans built after '71 have the pseudo-medieval quality of the armories in New York City. We entered by a wide, high portal and found ourselves in a thoroughly non-functional place of echoing corridors and vaulted ceilings. It seemed to have been built by people who enjoyed playing soldier. I couldn't help asking the first man to introduce himself to us, an artillery lieutenant, whether the fort had any defensive value against modern ordnance, since Siegfried had informed me we were only about five kilometres from the Rhine—no distance at all for a normally robust cannon. "It would stand up to machine guns and field artillery," he said, "but a heavy shell hitting squarely would go right through the roof to the powder vaults, where there isn't any powder now anyhow. But we wouldn't use the fort to fight from. The regiment is scattered all over this part of the sector by batteries. All we have here is a headquarters company, a medical unit, a telephone central, and a guard house."

We all went into the mess hall to wait for the Colonel, which, we were told, was the warmest place in the fort. There were two clusters of German lances on the wall, left behind by the Imperial Army when the French occupied Alsace. Captain de Cholet looked at them tenderly and said, "I left for the last war carrying a lance. I even managed once to stick a German with one, but later war ceased to be fresh and joyful." Sauvageon nodded sympathetically. Before long the Colonel walked in. He was tall,

straight, and consciously prototypical. He wore a brown beret which was barely balanced on the side of his head, like Rodolfo's in "La Bohème." His cheeks were old rose and his eyes cobalt blue, and his long white mustaches did not droop, but descended in a powerful, rhythmic sweep, like the horns of a musk ox. He was an excellent colonel, we had been informed; he had commanded a large part of the heavy artillery in the campaign around Salonika twenty years ago. Between wars he was a banker in Paris.

"Gentlemen," the Colonel said, after we were introduced, "I welcome you to the humble barrack of a sick old man. It is not the Meurice. It is not the Plaza Athénée. The fare is not that of Au Cabaret or the Berkeley." We assured him that his fort would do us very well. A soldier then wheeled over a tea wagon holding about twenty bottles—Scotch, port, sherry, and various apéritifs. The Colonel took an obvious pride in his gamut of alcohols; it proved he could "defend himself." The verb "*se défendre*" has acquired a very broad meaning in the French Army; it signifies "getting along." An officer pulls a pair of old socks over his shoes so that he will not slip on the ice; a private meets a stray hen and wrings her neck because otherwise she might fly into Germany; soldiers going on patrol in wooded parts of no man's land set rabbit snares so that on their way back, if they come back, they may pick up a tasty breakfast—all these expedients are part of the French concept of self-defence. It follows logically that a colonel must defend himself on a grander scale than a subordinate, lest he lose face in this most reasonable of armies.

DE CHOLET and Sauvageon took their leave. The staff, they said, had to accompany the General to midnight Mass. It would not be precisely gay, but the General was a great friend of the Bishop's. They promised to call for Browne and me early in the morning. As we talked to the Colonel, most of the officers of his mess joined us around the tea wagon.

Shortly afterward the officers took their places around a large mess table for dinner. Browne and I were invited to sit flanking the Colonel. I had on my right a fair-haired, blue-eyed captain who might have served as an illustration of an Aryan in a Nazi textbook but who was a Jew from Strasbourg. He said that two uncles and an elder brother of his had deserted at the beginning of the war in 1914 and had



fought with the French. Being only thirteen years old at the time, he had remained at home. In 1918, he had been conscripted into the German Army and had been stationed in that very fort. In civil life he was an industrial engineer. Most of the officers, he said, were, like himself, reservists, but a number of men from "the active" had been inducted into the regiment at the beginning of the war to set the pace for them. The soldiers were young reservists in the later twenties, and three-quarters of them were Alsations or Lorrainers. "This is a regiment that must be mobilized on the spot at the beginning of a war, because Germany is just across the river," he explained. The young lieutenant who had greeted us at the gate sat across the table from us. He told me he had always been interested in the United States because he worked for a tire company and had once hoped to spend 1940 in Akron.

Before the dinner could begin, the *popotier*, or mess officer, had to make what I was told was a traditional address. In this particular mess the *popotier* was a round, embarrassed little man with bulging eyes. He was an *adjudant*, and the only member of the mess who wasn't a fully commissioned officer. "My Colonel and gentlemen," he began, standing before his plate at the foot of the table, "I have the pleasure to announce—" He was interrupted by shouts of indignation and, correcting himself, said, "The *honor* and the pleasure to announce to you that the menu tonight, the twenty-fourth of December, will consist of soup of leeks and potatoes [a few scattered shouts of "That's what we had the day before yesterday!"], tenderloin of beef [a cry of "Again he feeds us the infamous zebra!"], cauliflower au gratin ["O miserable *popotier*, without imagination!"], salad, cheese, fruits, and, as wine, Châteauneuf-du-Pape." "Thank you, *popotier*," the Colonel said solemnly, "provided only that the Châteauneuf is tolerable."

The dinner was polished off with businesslike haste because there was a full evening ahead of us. After coffee and armagnac, a Christmas mood began to seem less unattainable. We all walked along a corridor and down a flight of stairs to an unused powder vault which the soldiers had turned into a *salle de théâtre*. The walls of the vault had been painted to give a three-dimensional illusion of draperies, and at one end of the room there was a real curtain of the same color as the painted ones. A surgeon major said to me, "A Frenchman is a funny mechanism. He has a job,

let us say, in a handbag factory. He is mobilized. You say to him, 'Fire a cannon.' He fires the cannon. 'Decorate a theatre.' He decorates you a theatre. 'A soup.' It's not bad, the soup. We are an adaptable people."

To one side of the curtain stood a great Christmas tree decorated with lighted candles. An orchestra, made up of a violin, saxophone, and piano, played what most Europeans appear to think is the American anthem, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." There were about two hundred soldiers in the vault, wearing ugly, solid shoes and long khaki overcoats that looked like horse blankets. "The regiment is not chic," the Colonel said, "but it is warm." The men were in a state of juvenile excitement. Life in the evacuated strip of Alsace becomes desperately monotonous, and an evening of amateur entertainment is a great event. The leader of the orchestra was a tall, flat-chested fellow with shiny hair and a receding chin. The surgeon major told me that the man was a Berliner who had acquired French citizenship by serving in the Foreign Legion.

After a long overture, a master of ceremonies appeared before the curtain wearing a Prince Albert coat. "Our first number," he announced, "will be a song by our Alsatian chorus—'Rose des Landes.'" The chorus was made up of eleven artillerymen, each standing with feet wide apart and thumbs in his belt. "*Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot, Röslein auf der Heide*," they sang. The non-Alsatian officers and men applauded mightily. As an encore, the chorus sang a marching song which began, "*O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt*." Then the choirmaster sang a long folk song about the character of the Alsatian people. I remember only one line: "A donkey is no hummingbird." The blond Jewish captain from Strasbourg said to me, "That is the Alsatian situation in one line. We refuse to be what we are not. We hated the Germans because they forbade us to speak French, and we are

patriotic Frenchmen because we are allowed to speak German." Soldiers from Brittany and the Midi sang next, and a Parisian corporal delighted all the provincials by losing his nerve completely and breaking down in the middle of a line, belying the metropolitan reputation for nonchalance. The great success of the evening was a guest accordionist from a colonial artillery regiment. As he played, I watched an identification tag jiggling on his right wrist. These tags are bisected by a row of perforations, and the upper and lower segments both bear the man's number. When a man is killed, the mortuary specialists break the tag, leaving half on his wrist and nailing the duplicate piece on his coffin.

After the last turn there was a rough-and-tumble drawing of Christmas presents. Then the Colonel made a speech. The merriest soldier was the best soldier, he said, but the poor, forlorn fellow on outpost duty on the bluffs rising from the Rhine must not be forgotten. He said he was sure every man there would gladly be killed rather than let the Boches pass. "It is very necessary for us to win this war," he added. I think everybody there agreed with him. "There will be a midnight Mass in our new chapel," he announced, "for those who care to attend. This is a free country." I noticed that almost everyone did go to chapel, including those who didn't cross themselves.

AFTER Mass the officers went back to the mess hall for supper. They were in high spirits because they felt that their men had enjoyed the evening's entertainment. In this war one of the officers' hardest tasks is to keep their men from getting bored. Now the officers had a chance to enjoy themselves, and they were in such good humor that the *popotier* got through his ritual speech unheckled. There was a slight commotion among the diners, however, when the mess attendants served the *consommé* in soup plates. "There is a curse upon the mess!" grumbled the surgeon major. "There are no cups for the *consommé*!" After oysters and some *foie gras de Strasbourg au Porto*, we all began to drink champagne.

We had been sitting at the table for some time when suddenly the Colonel shouted, "The battery departs! At a walk!" Immediately the officers began rapping their knuckles on the table, to produce the effect of horses walking. "At a trot!" the Colonel ordered. The tempo of the rapping increased. "At a gallop!" The rapping grew faster. "Halt!" There was a second of silence,



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PARIS

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and the Colonel shouted, "First gun—fire!" All the men brought their right fists crashing down on the table. "Second gun—fire!" "Third gun—fire!" "Fourth gun—fire!" After each "Fire!" the table took a sterner thump. After the fourth gun, the officers began to grin shyly, like small boys anticipating the point of a familiar joke. "Fifth gun!" ordered the Colonel. That was the cue for the senior captain to speak up, with considerable gravity. "There isn't any, my Colonel." (There are only four guns in a French battery.) The Colonel appeared dumfounded. Then he recovered. "That doesn't matter!" he shouted. "Fire!" The officers hit the table with both fists. A glass broke, a bottle rolled onto the floor, one dignified-looking captain, overcome with laughter, fell on the neck of the surgeon major.

The party broke up at five o'clock in the morning. The only officer who seemed mildly unhappy was a gangling, thin-lipped captain, a transfer from the regular Army, who said to the Colonel doubtfully, "This is all very well, my Colonel, but it isn't really war." The Colonel, whose chest was covered with campaign ribbons and decorations from 1914-1918, stopped chuckling and looked at the captain steadily. "Sometime you may look back on this evening," he said, "and you will say, 'The days at the fort were the good ones.' What the devil! A fellow has to defend himself."

—A. J. LIEBLING

Mrs. Scott, considered one of Maine's most talented pianists, played with brilliance and charm and utterly without affection.—*Deer Isle (Me.) Messenger.*

The cold New England character.

I was thrilled by the terrible beauty of the scene in the epic when Scarlett and Rhett flee a burning Atlanta, and their horse and wagon is silhouetted against a curtain of flame ... Artichokes are my favorite vegetable.—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Journal & American.*

They are nice, aren't they?

ALPHA DELTA MAKES SUPREME SACRIFICE

[From an N.B.C. press release]

Ben Alexander today wrote his Alpha Delta Phi fraternity brother, Franklin D. Roosevelt, pointing out that for the first time in his life, he (Alexander) was happy to cancel N.B.C.'s Little Ol' Hollywood broadcast Monday night in favor of the President's Jackson Day dinner address.

"I believe in trying to show the true Alpha Delta Phi brotherly spirit, Mr. President," Alexander wrote.

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He will, if you wear it*



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You can surrender at last to *Surrender*, for there's an exquisite \$5 size, too! For sheer joy and distinguished quality, there's nothing finer.

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PARFUMS

CIRO

PARIS

Also at \$5 and more: REFLEXIONS
New at \$12: DANGER, not for the timid

INTERNATIONAL PLOT

MRS. PARSONS lowered her voice slightly and spoke into the telephone. "Well, I tell you," she said, "even if Mark doesn't feel like going out, I may run over. You know how he is about going anywhere on Sunday. If it's all right. You know. I'm wild to see it and I'll come if I can."

She hung the receiver on its hook and went back into the dining room. "That was Anita," she said.

Her husband was peeling an apple, and when he had finished he quartered it and spread the pieces with creamy Camembert cheese. "Anita?" he asked finally. "What's she up to?"

"Her new whatnot came yesterday, and she says it's just right. Doesn't stick out too far and fits into the corner perfectly," Mrs. Parsons answered. "I tell you what, suppose you get dressed and we'll go over for a little while. You haven't been out all day, and it's lovely out, really. Nice and crisp. I imagine they'll be home; she didn't say anything about going anywhere."

Mr. Parsons put a bit of apple into his mouth. "Did you tell her we'd be over?"

"Not exactly," Mrs. Parsons said. "As a matter of fact, I told her that I didn't think you felt much like getting dressed."

"You go ahead," her husband told her.

"Well—" She stood up and began to scrape some nutshells from her plate onto a small butter dish. It was only a gesture.

"Go ahead," he repeated.

"Well, leave the dishes then, and I'll do them when I get back," she said.

She went into the bedroom and hurriedly put on her hat and coat. "Sure you don't want to come?" she called.

"God, no!" Mr. Parsons said under his breath. "Don't believe I will," he answered loudly.

He finished his apple, drank the rest of his coffee, and lighted a cigarette. Mrs. Parsons came into the dining room and bent over to kiss him goodbye. His hair was mussed and the bald spot on the top of his head showed. Now that she was ready to leave him, he began

to look pathetic and lonely, and she wondered what he would do all evening by himself. "You wouldn't rather I stayed?" she asked.

"No. Go ahead."

She glanced around the table at the used dishes. "Be sure and leave them now," she said. "I don't mind a bit."

She smoothed his hair and kissed him again. "I won't be long."

At the door, she turned. Seeing him sitting alone at the head of the table, she was reminded sharply of a picture that had been popular when she was a child. It showed an old man, John D. Rockefeller, perhaps, sitting in lonely splendor at a large, handsome table. Before him was a bowl of milk and crackers, and there was an untouched turkey somewhere in the offing. The caption read, "Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight. Make me a child again just for tonight."

For a minute she stood undecided in the doorway. "Charlie McCarthy's on at eight," she said.

"Don't worry about me," he told her, and smiled.

"Goodbye, darling. I'll hurry," she said.

"Goodbye. Say hello to Anita and Bob for me."

HE sat still until he heard the door close, and then he got up and carried his plate to the kitchen. He wore

a dark-blue bathrobe made of some sort of towelling over his pajamas, and had on a pair of shabby mules that slapped the floor as he walked. He had had a perfect Sunday. He had read the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* all day, and he had clipped articles that struck him as having special interest and laid them in his bureau drawer on top of his clean shirts. The drawer held more clippings than shirts, and someday he intended to paste them in a scrapbook. The scrapbook, he felt, would be valuable someday. He had saved pictures from *Life* and from the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers, and dozens of stories by newspaper columnists and war correspondents. On some of these

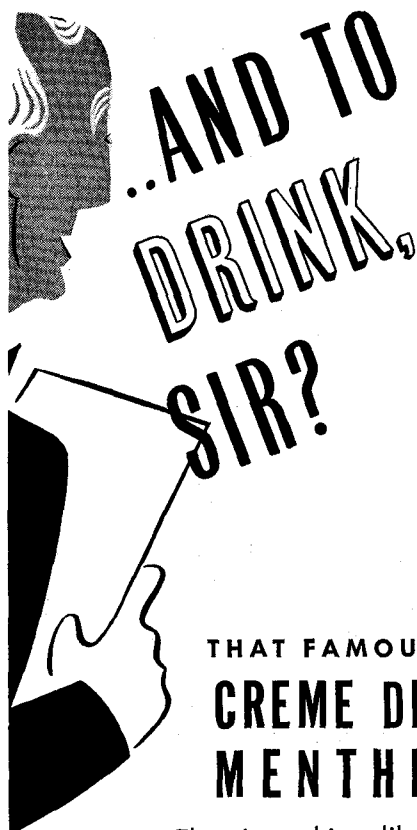
items, principally those by Miss Dorothy Thompson, he had pencilled a question mark, which meant that he did not agree wholeheartedly with the writer. On others he had underlined what he considered to be vital paragraphs. In the bookshelves in the bedroom he kept "Inside Europe," "Inside Asia," two books by Winston Churchill, and two books about the battle of Jutland. Mrs. Parsons understood that these were not to be touched.

In the kitchen he scraped the apple peelings from his plate into the garbage pail. Then he washed the dish under running water, dried it, and put it away. The Russians, he thought, were not to be trusted, and he was damned if he knew what they had up their sleeve. He shuffled back into the dining room, picked up his cup and saucer, washed and dried them, and was just about to put them away when an idea struck him. It was possible that there was more to the whole business than met the eye or could be gleaned from the newspapers. He laid the saucer on its pile and hung the cup on a small brass hook. On his way back to the table, one mule caught in the rug and came off. He stooped down and put it on again without noticing. The British were smart. Damned smart. They were the cleverest diplomats in the world. And it burned him up to hear people say they were stupid and to claim that they had pulled boners when they let Hitler get away with that stuff in Czecho-Slovakia. Granted that it looked funny on the surface, there must be more to it.

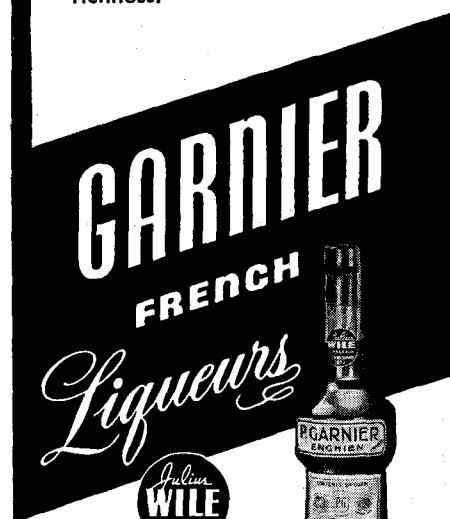
He carried a butter knife to the kitchen. His mind was working furiously. He washed and dried the butter knife, polishing it until it shone. It seemed to him that some hidden explanation lay in the back of his mind waiting to be uncovered. Something that, if he could only discover it, would be intricate and satisfying. He thought back to the beginning, to Austria, and proceeded methodically through the series of events that led to war's being declared. Reviewing the facts coldly and reasonably as he washed a glass, he was forced to admit that the British didn't look so good. That, he believed, was their strength—to play dumb and finally outsmart everybody. Look what they had done in the World War, swinging his country right over to their side.

Back and forth he went from kitchen to dining room, carrying one dish or one piece of silver at a time. He had just picked up the last plate that remained on the table when something





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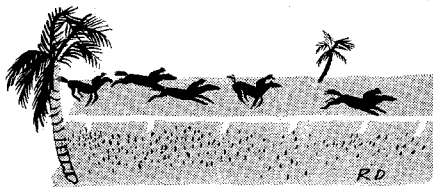
happened in the dark place in his mind. It was flooded with light and he thought that he had hit on the secret.

Filled with excitement, he hurried back to the kitchen with the plate. It was possible that England and Russia had an agreement. A very secret agreement. Sure, Russia had signed a paper with Germany, and what did it amount to? Not a damned thing! Because under, far under, that pact was another, a diabolically clever one, with Germany as the cat's-paw. And in the end Russia, France, and England would have Germany at their mercy. His mind, aflame with this idea, was not concerned with the technical details of how this was to be accomplished. He considered Finland, and dismissed it with the thought that there was more there than anyone would ever know—a bit of side strategy too deep for him. The basic soundness of the plot was still there. Russia had openly denounced Nazism in the past. It was beyond all reason that she should ally herself with Germany, and yet she had. Why? Because underneath that alliance lay another, one with England.

He put the plate on the shelf and looked at the stove, which was littered with pans. He opened the oven door and hid them away. Turning out the light in the kitchen, he went into the bedroom and opened his bureau drawer. He spread the clippings out on the bed, found a pencil and a notebook, and wrote, "Possibilities of an Anglo-Russian Pact—1."

He wondered if, when he had worked out the details, he had better mention his theory to anyone. Get in touch with one of the papers, maybe, and tell them his conclusions. After some thought he decided against it, remembering the havoc that had been caused by the leaking out of news of the separate peace between Russia and Germany in the last war. He preferred not to have any suicides at his door.

HE was still busy when Mrs. Parsons came home, and, hearing the front door open, he went to the hall to meet her. "I wish you had come with me," she said, kissing him. "The house looks lovely with the new what-not. She has her spice apple on it, and the little tortoiseshell box, and all her



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darling things. They really show now."

Her cheeks were cold and her coat smelled of the outdoors. She went into the dining room and gave a quick glance around. "You did them!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "You shouldn't have!"

She whisked off the tablecloth, put it away in the table drawer, and got out a lace square, which she placed in the middle of the table. On the square she set a bowl of fruit.

"Now then," she said briskly, following him back into the bedroom, "what have you been doing?"

She looked at the bed and saw that he had arranged his things all over the white chenille spread. "Why, darling," she said, "you found something to do after all."

She caught his arm and pressed her face against the rough blue towelling of his bathrobe. "I'm glad," she said.

—ESTHER EVARTS

ASSORTMENT

Well-Dressed Man Must Have 12 Hats.—*Headline in the Times.*

The first is a topper, which one never fails

To wear when out swanking in white tie and tails;

The second, the same—a collapsible model

Compressed at the opera, sprung on the noddle;

The third and the fourth, quite essential because

Of the sun in the summer, a couple of straws;

The fifth, a Tyrolian job with a feather
And maybe a band made of counterfeit leather;

The sixth and the seventh, two
Homburgs, the style

That Eden and Whalen wear most of the while;

The eighth, a conservative derby (or bowler),

The kind that when doffed by the wind is a roller;

Ninth, tenth, and eleventh, three felts with snap brims

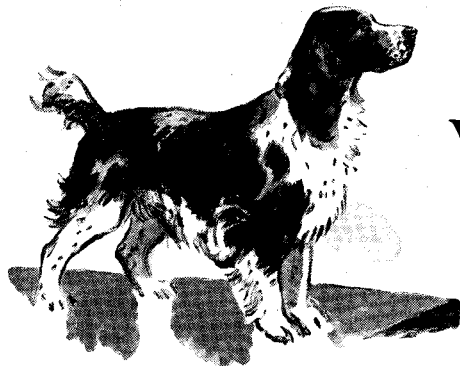
To be shaped in accordance with personal whims;

And finally, since life is earnest and real,
The twelfth one had best be a helmet of steel.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



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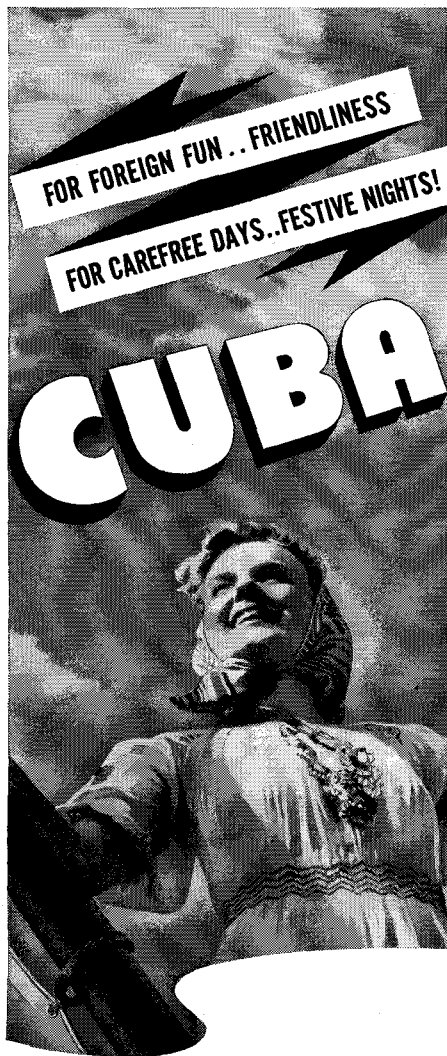


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THE RACE TRACK

The Chief—Three-Year-Olds



THE most exciting performance at Hialeah Park last week was that of The Chief in a race called the Robert Taft Purse, which, in view of the entries, might better have been called the Consolation Prize for Disappointments of 1939. The Chief ran so well that impressionable observers are now saying he's going to romp off with the Widener Cup next month. Perhaps. As a matter of fact, The Chief gets off lightly in that race at 113 pounds, doubtless because his form last season was poor. He's a nervous animal with tender feet, and he's been rather a trial to Earl Sande, his trainer, ever since Maxwell Howard bought him from Sonny Whitney. At the moment, though, The Chief positively radiates health and happiness, and he has amazing speed. Last Saturday, he simply bounded away from Technician, who hadn't been out since July, and won by lengths. Technician is worth remembering. He was bothered by Stormscud, who I once thought was as good a colt as Fighting Fox. As for the others who ran, you can forget them. I have.

IT'S probably unkind to say that the ten three-year-olds who started in the Bahamas Handicap were only a moderate lot, for they put up a good show. The race would have been more interesting, though, if Little Risk hadn't been withdrawn. Her stable thought that her impost of 124 pounds was decidedly too much; trainers get awfully fussy when their horses have to carry more than 115 pounds. Charlieinfeld, whom she beat so easily in the Hialeah Stakes, led until the last furlong; then the Greentree Stable's Red Dock came up fast and won by half a length. Your guess still is as good as mine, and probably better, as to who will win the Flamingo Stakes.

While we're on the subject of the new three-year-olds, Jack Campbell, racing secretary of the New York tracks, is gleeful because his hitherto hypothetical Experimental Handicap, for which he rates about a hundred two-year-olds at the close of each season, is actually going to be run at Jamaica this spring. Heretofore, all his paperwork has been a labor of love for those

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who are fond of academic discussions of weights and measures. Like its prototype, the Free Handicap in England, it will have no nomination fee, and, as it will be at six furlongs, it will be an ideal trial gallop for the Wood Stakes and the Kentucky Derby. Bimelech is in at 130 pounds; Carrier Pigeon at 126; Andy K. and Roman Flag at 124; Calory and Dit at 123; Flight Command at 121; Now What at 119; Boy Angler, Epatant, Rough Pass, Straight Lead, and Victory Morn at 118; and Barnet, Sir Mill, Roman, and Star Chance at 117.

HORSEPLAYERS always fret a good deal about who the leading jockey is. As the meeting at Miami edges past the halfway mark, Arcaro heads the list with twenty-one winning mounts and Meade has only seven, which roughly reverses their standings of a year ago. I don't think that the new starting gate is entirely to blame for Meade's slump, even though it does prevent him from beating the barrier as he used to. He simply isn't riding so well.

The darling of the two-dollar bettors is Jack Flinchum, who rode twenty winners in twenty-two days. He is a pale, quiet, seventeen-year-old lad, not five feet tall, who could ride at ninety pounds if he had to. He lacks the cockiness of Mills and Westrope in their great days, which is perhaps all for the best. Horses run well for him, but he isn't a strong finisher, or an especially good judge of pace. It's not true, by the way, that the Greentree Stable tried to buy his contract.

You may wonder at times what becomes of used jockeys. Some go back where they came from; others get to be trainers. A few, mostly gentlemen riders, stay on and become owners or racing officials—or even stewards. George Brown, Jr., who is a steward at Hialeah and in Maryland, won the Maryland Hunt Cup, our most sporting steeplechase, twice. Marshall Cassidy, who is a steward in New York and director of racing at Hialeah, once held an amateur rider's certificate. The most famous mount Cassidy ever rode was Johnny Mayberry's beer-drinking horse, Robin Hood. Mayberry always insisted that Robin Hood did his drinking after the races.

—AUDAX MINOR

The last time he waxed more than ordinarily enthusiastic about a book was nine years ago when he introduced Frank Buck's "The Good Earth" to a doubting world.—*Buffalo Evening News*.

Well, there was room for doubt.



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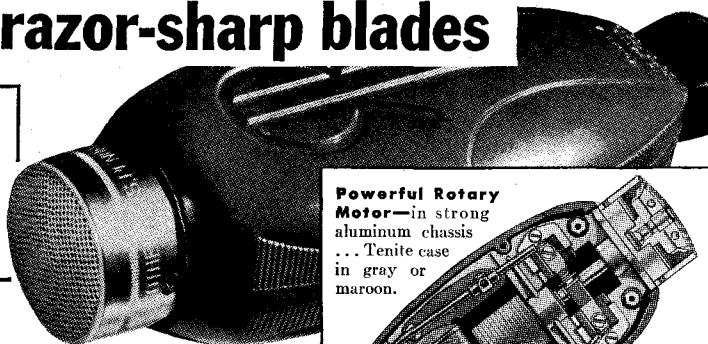
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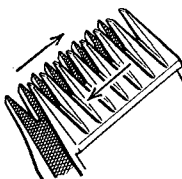
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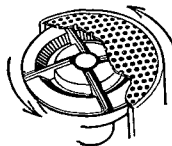
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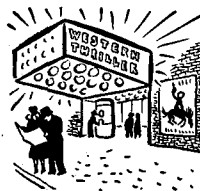
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WALT DISNEY has grown no older since "Snow White," and he loves the world and, evidently, all of us in it just as

much as ever. "Pinocchio," his second feature-length film, presents many of the adventures of Collodi's puppet and the full force of the moral lesson, which we old people can only hope the infants will appreciate. With all the charm Disney ever managed, the movie opens in the woodcarver's cottage, an establishment rich in miraculous clocks and toys, and inhabited, aside from the old gentleman, by a kitten of the most knowing type and a goldfish coy beyond words. Pinocchio, the wooden puppet, comes to life and can talk and walk, and is told by the Good Fairy that he will become a real boy once he has proved himself brave and honest and unselfish. He has, it develops, to go through many a sinister adventure and terrible hardship, and to learn what it means to yield to temptation or to tell a fib, before he ceases to be a mere wooden toy. None of the adventures, exciting and sinister as they are, provide that kind of scene, I feel, which can frighten the children the way the old witch did in "Snow White." The big climax with the whale, the great sea monster, is too active and strenuous to seem grisly or nightmarish. The most dreadful crises generally come to poor Pinocchio in a murky, dun-colored world, and the film is inclined to longer stretches of sombre lighting than is usual in a Disney. I myself rather favor his giddy, gay tints and am glad when they brighten up things here. The puppet is a superb, human, valiant creation in itself—or, I should say, since he was good and brave, after all, in himself. Mr. Cricket, Jiminy Cricket, the puppet's conscience, is a comic worldling with a good heart and a quantity of glib patter in the very modern colloquial fashion. There is too much colloquial street talk throughout the film, which was true, as I remember, of "Snow White." Possibly this minor humble complaint of mine indicates a priggish touch in my nature, but with little effort one can hear much of the colloquial language of the day, and it might seem that these films could do without it. Certainly, however, we ourselves can't do

—very well, anyhow—without our Disneys, and it befits us to take “Pinocchio” to our hearts with gratitude and pleasure.

INNOCENT little matters—stop-gaps—have been trundled out for inspection lately, and I suppose we might just run over the list of them. I am not one of those worthy souls who make it a practice to read “Swiss Family Robinson” every year, and after seeing the recent cinema version of this highly respectable adventure story, I wasn’t any more inclined to poke through its strenuous pages again. My memory, therefore, may be somewhat at fault, but it persistently retains an image of Mother Robinson very different from the one Edna Best displays in the movie. Mother, as I recall her, was a phenomenally resourceful woman who had filled a bag, at the very moment of leaving the wrecked ship, with every kind of essential knick-knack. It was a beautiful thing to see her come forward in each crisis on the island with the right spool of thread, the needle that solved a problem. She isn’t such on the screen, but rather the fretful woman of society most miserably misplaced on a reef. Even with her spinet, salvaged from the wreckage by her devoted family, she is discontented, tapping out wistful, whining, early-nineteenth-century tunes down there in the South Seas. Her mood pervades the story and saps the vigor of the adventure element. Thomas Mitchell, as the Swiss clockmaker, stresses his piety with many a prayer, blessing, and amen, which is, of course, the kind of thing young people ought to get in their polite reading. The boys are modest and dutiful and civil to their parents, and, as is suitable, the youngest of them all, interpreted by Baby Bobby Quillan, a comparative newcomer to the screen, is the most assertive. Some pleasant domestic animals and a pet or two add variety, and there is a satisfactory tropical storm which destroys the house built in the treetops, and the spinet.

TWO of the new pictures give us those last-minute rescues. Just as it seems more than our nerves can bear and heroes and heroines are about to be chopped up into mincemeat, along come the Marines or their equivalents, and instead of a slaughter we get a wedding. Lovers of Indian Westerns will find everything they are used to in “Geronimo.” Chief Thunder Cloud, one of the few Cherokees who have ever been interested in the stage, plays the title rôle with the advantage, according to stu-

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of a young Englishman whose books a lot of you are going to read one of these days. In fact I'm not sure you won't begin with

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Eric Ambler's latest. This is a thriller with a difference—the work of a man who can write, who has ideas, who, you recognize at once, is a thoroughly civilized fellow. *Dimitrios* was published October 16th, 1939; now fourteen weeks later, unlike the average thriller, it is still selling: in fact as this number of *The New Yorker* goes to press it has had its best week since it came out—361 copies (no, the sale hasn't reached astronomical proportions). Anyway, I'll buy back at two dollars any copy bought by a *New Yorker* reader during February who isn't really pleased with it.



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is making friends and I wouldn't mention it here if I didn't think it far better than the average run of novels. Will you test my taste against yours? You can do it for awfully little at a rental library.



IT'S UNANIMOUS

Mencken's *Happy Days* is a smash hit. 30 reviews so far, less than a week after publication, and really not a sour note in the lot. For the record: of a first printing of 7,500, 6,551 were ordered in advance of publication. Schuster of Simon and Schuster predicts it will be "a super best-seller," and there's no greater authority on best sellers alive today. (\$2.75)



It Costs a Lot

to indulge myself in this column (ask *The New Yorker* for advertising rates if you don't believe me). This is the fourth. Do you want me to go on—in an effort to be enthusiastic enough—well—not to make my authors cross—and truthful enough not to deceive you? Tell me, please: address 501 Madison Avenue, New York.



dents of American frontier history, of a distinct resemblance to the original character. This Geronimo of the Southwest was the last chief of the Apaches, that Indian tribe which left such an ineradicable impression upon the entertainment world of Paris. This film follows all the well-trod paths of Indian warfare, even working in a glimpse of President Grant and a lovely heroine who is not scalped, I assure you, before she can put on her wedding veil. . . . In a general way, I myself rather preferred the aborigines of "Green Hell," who shot with poison darts, lived along the jungled rivers of South America, and harassed white people who came prowling after Inca treasure. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the leading explorer, and it is up to Joan Bennett to appear as a widow charming under the most trying circumstances. The widow follows the explorers, archeologists, and whatnot, floats into the camp on Snake River, down there, just when the rainy season is beginning and the Indians are torturing people right and left, and adds the jealousy problem to the scene. It sounds complicated but is all simplified in a jiffy.

THEN we have "Little Old New York," which obliterates Robert Fulton and John Jacob Astor for the sake of a barmaid. Our early history, indeed, is employed merely as a background for Miss Alice Faye, who takes the compliment with vivacity. . . . Paris, on the other hand, is respectfully serenaded in Grace Moore's "Louise." Competently as this French film is managed, it is a case again of what so often happens to opera in the movies. The plot, the libretto, comes forbiddingly to the front. One is aware of the story and the situation far more than in a stage production; I don't think the audience pours out from Miss Moore's "Louise" at the Metropolitan quite so cognizant of what a difficult time the poor girl had with her parents. Arias don't seem to distract attention so completely on the screen as they do on the stage. . . . There's another French film in town—Eric von Stroheim's "Ultimatum." The crisis along the Austrian-Serbian border in 1914 is the story, and I found the business of spies and plots and maneuvers and sentiment indistinct at times, and all somewhat blurred, and long ago, and far away.

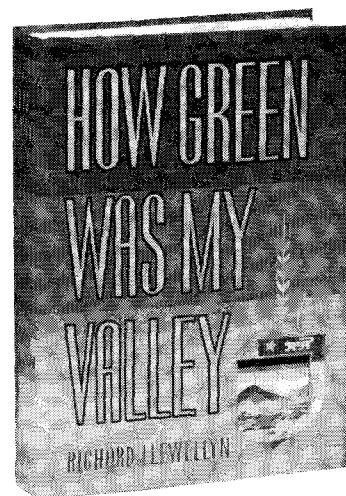
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LLEWELLYN

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BOOKS

The Thirties—Welsh Bards and English Reviewers



A HANDY fellow at the business of molding your memories into best-sellers, Frederick Lewis Allen presents this week an instructive sequel to his "Only Yesterday." It's called, naturally, "Since Yesterday." The jacket design, photomontaging a few highlights of the late lamented thirties, projects some of the book's flavor. The bonus marchers besiege the Capitol steps as Bobby Jones rides by in ticker-tape triumph. A Dakota dust storm threatens to envelop J. P. Morgan and his advisers, one of whom appears to be Benny Goodman tooting on his clarinet. John L. Lewis and Hugh Johnson are cheek by jowl, each looking as if even the other could not intimidate him. They are flanked by a pretty picture of the Windsors, who are in turn flanked by a pretty picture of the South Chicago police engaged in saving the Constitution by bashing in the heads of the Republic Steel picket line. Comfortably, Huey Long lights a cigar as another master of publicity, Miss Mae West, comfortably displays a curve or two. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy look rather more cheerful than their neighbor, Herbert Hoover, and with good reason. Mr. Hoover's right lapel is hidden from us by two mad young things abandoning themselves to some rug-cutting as a trio of Roosevelts and the King and Queen of England smile at you all in a row.

History works like a willing slave for Mr. Allen. On September 3, 1929, the bull market reached its peak; on September 3, 1939, France and Great Britain declared war on Hitler's Germany—ten years to a day. This decade Mr. Allen handles not quite as he handled the twenties. There are four references to Amos 'n' Andy, two or three pages on Mr. Welles' Martians, and the usual mentions of books, plays, movies, fads, fashions, and fancies, but for the most part this is an economic and political rather than a social chronicle. The big domestic events of the thirties have to do with

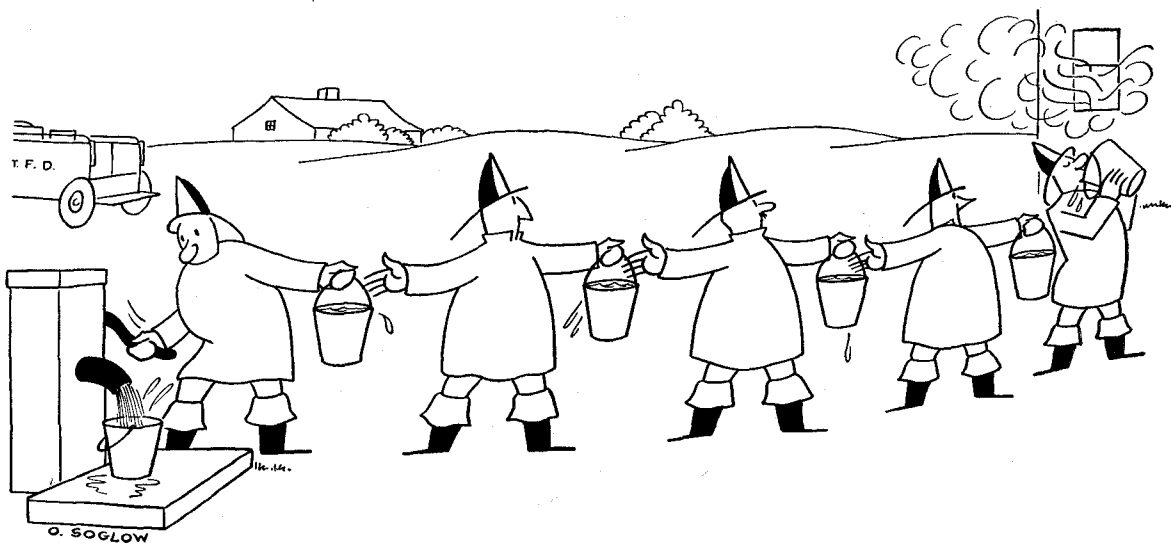
the panic, the depression, the Roosevelt recovery program, the fortunes of the New Deal, the C.I.O., the Supreme Court battle, our advance into the arena of international politics. These are the matters Mr. Allen stresses, and they are, at least from our present point of vantage, the important matters.

This is neither real history nor a mere clip-and-paste job, but something acceptably in between. It's quite uninterpretable—Mr. Allen goes to nearly eccentric extremes in his endeavor to be middle-of-the-road—but never unintelligent or unfair. I do not think his book can really make you understand the decade, but it will help you to recollect it, which is definitely a prerequisite to understanding it. One general impression, I find, emerges. Just as the twenties seem in retrospect a period of almost lunatic social, political, and financial inflation, so the thirties appear to be an era of relative seriousness, realism, and, in many respects, progress—at least in this country. To read about the twenties is to feel a certain sense of shame; to read about the thirties is to feel a certain sense of responsibility. Despite the fact that these ten years saw the rise of midget golf courses, Screeno, chain letters, Dale Carnegie, "Knock, Knock," tree-sitting, Sally Rand, and Brenda Frazier, we seem to have done, perhaps against the will of many of us, considerable growing-up. Mr. Allen records clearly and sensibly what caused the growing pains.

MY old cronies, the English reviewers, mysteriously mum for a season or so, are back in full cry. A novel of Wales—the Wales of fifty

years ago—called "How Green Was My Valley," by a pleasantly talented newcomer, Richard Llewellyn, furnishes the occasion for more ecstasy than we have had from anyone since the debut of Hedy Lamarr. A Mr. Godfrey Winn sounds off with "I think this book is the greatest modern novel I have ever read. It has made me forget everything except the magnificence of human courage." Among the things it has made Mr. Winn forget, may I suggest, are several hundred other modern novels. (Titles and authors available on request.) Messrs. Frank Swinnerton, Ralph Straus, and L. A. G. Strong also go in heavily for what Swinburne called "the noble pleasure of praising." If Mr. Llewellyn doesn't watch his step, he'll find himself as great a writer as Charles Morgan, whose press clippings will stand, I daresay, among the masterpieces of all time.

"How Green Was My Valley" is a quaint, "poetical" story whose main fault (to revive that good old one-line book review) is simply that its covers are too far apart. Had Mr. Llewellyn reduced his pages from five hundred to about three hundred, the result would have been a better book which would still, in all probability, have made Mr. Godfrey Winn forget everything except the magnificence of human courage. Also, the author would have brought into relief the essentially lyrical, short-breathed quality of his story. The Welsh are a greatly gifted race, one of their most notable talents being oratory, the most effective means yet devised by man for saying simple things in a long-winded manner. "How Green Was My Valley" is a very Welsh

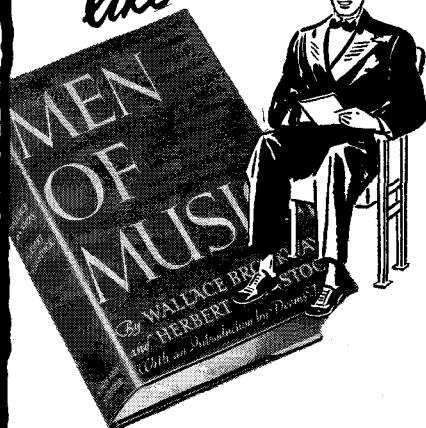


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book, in its defects no less than in its qualities.

Huw Morgan, its hero, looking back at sixty upon his childhood and youth, tells the story of his large family, his first loves, his schooling, the development of working-class consciousness in a miners' community. The tale is conventional enough—the usual development novel—but is given considerable charm by its Welshness, the singing quality of its dialogue, its curious religiosity, half Bardic, half Chapel. All the characters are orators, a circumstance that is particularly effective in the love scenes. We poor stuttering human beings, almost all of us, speak well when we are in love, but the Welsh speak like angels.

Structurally the book is a sorry mess, consisting of a loose series of domestic scenes and rhapsodic interludes. The first hundred pages attract one by their quaintness and a Syngelike vividness, but once you have accustomed yourself to the genuine charm of Mr. Llewellyn's mannerisms, your interest tends to decrease. Some scenes stick with you, but the characters, at least for me, have wavering outlines, and the haze of memory in which Mr. Llewellyn plunges his story makes for a certain nebulosity.

The author assuredly has a more original talent than most of the newer English novelists and is a man to watch. If the London press gang do not kill his present, he may conceivably have quite a future.

THERE'S not much doubt that what Mr. Rahv says in the current *American Mercury* is true: our imaginative literature is, for the time being, in the doldrums. So little new talent, particularly in fiction, has appeared lately that even conventionally good writing is eagerly hailed by the reviewers. Let us therefore hail Mr. Dan Wickenden. "Walk like a Mortal," for example, will not shake the country's literary foundations, but it is written with care and seriousness and shows that its author is no flash in the pan. (His first book, "The Running of the Deer," was also noteworthy.)

Mr. Wickenden's new novel is a study of adolescence, more precisely of the way in which sober, sensitive, seventeen-year-old Gabe Mackenzie reacts to the infidelity of his attractive mother and the quiet heroism of his aging father in the face of the breakup of the family. Mr. Wickenden's people, truth to tell, are trivial and hardly seem worth all his careful analysis; if he also had re-

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duced his pages by about forty per cent, the theme of the book and its compass would have seemed more in proportion. Mr. Wickenden is extremely knowing in the ways of high-school boys and girls, whom he treats not as Sunday-feature material but as human beings. He tails off, I think, into sentimentality toward the close, but otherwise writes freshly and cleanly, if too consciously. Keep an eye on Mr. Wickenden, too. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RIVER OF EARTH, by James Still. Tender story of a boyhood in the Kentucky mountains. Mr. Still now lives among the same hills he writes about; he can render the mountain speech with impressive fidelity, and his people are no less real for being strange. What he needs is more plot; his tale is episodic and shapeless in spite of its authentic background.

THE DARK STAR, by March Cost. Remarkable if slightly turgid writing alternates with mere melodrama in this operatic story of a London actress and her fateful passion for a superhuman actor-manager. The story is hard to believe, but Miss Cost has movement and energy and keeps you going.

ON A DARKLING PLAIN, by Wallace Stegner. Takes you way back to 1918 and to a young Canadian invalided out of the army and in search of a reason for living. He tries the distant plains of Saskatchewan, lives alone in a sod hut, and gradually learns that people aren't so bad after all.

FRAMED IN HARDWOOD, by Eric Lowe. The classic tale of the strong, aggressive, ruthless man who gets every thing he wants but one—a woman's devotion. The environment—Australia—is fresh, which means that the flora and fauna are unfamiliar and interesting. Otherwise, although Mr. Lowe is a clever craftsman, there aren't many surprises.

GENERAL

INDIA INK, by Philip Steegman. Despite the punning title, a really superior book about India by a young English painter who plays the game of Kid-ding the Empire with irony, grace, and originality.

SEX AND LIFE, by Eugen Steinach. This record of the author's "forty years of biological and medical experiment" contains a full, calm, and unsensationally written account of his "rejuvenation" research and of

Period

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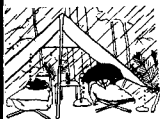
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Who married the man
Whose word is law
in farthest Borneo



This is THE TENT

That collapsed
in the flood
That was part
of the fun
Of living together
in dampest Borneo



This is THE HOUSEBOY

Who did as
he pleased
In the house
of the girl
Who married the man
Whose word is law
in wildest Borneo



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the "vasoligation" technique which has apparently been successful in the reactivation of the sex glands. Illustrated.

WHAT GERMANY FORGOT, by James T. Shotwell. The author points out that in blaming everything on the Treaty of Versailles, the Germans failed to reckon the costs of the war itself as factors in the national disintegration which led to the rise of Nazism. They're making the same mistake again, thinks Dr. Shotwell. A fresh analysis.

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, edited by J. Middleton Murry. Trivia, observations, letters, verse and light verse, notes for the well-known stories, and several fine completed sketches—all in the author's characteristic idiom. Two of the sketches have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

FRONTIER DOCTOR, by Urling C. Coe. Another doctor's book, but an interesting one: a typhoid epidemic, etc., in central Oregon around the beginning of the century.

UNDER THE REDWOOD TREES, by George Digby. Engaging book about a few months spent among the California redwoods. The Irish-English author gets in some broad comment on the United States. Tart preface by Mrs. Digby.

THE CONVENT, by Alyse Simpson. Sensitive, autobiographical story of a young girl's life in a Swiss convent, her return home, and her marriage.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NO MOURNERS PRESENT, by F. G. Presnell. Jake Barman, who wants to run for governor, is found dead in his parked car. Nice plot, featuring John Webb, lawyer, and his beautiful wife, Anne, former night-club singer. For readers who can get worked up over rackets.

HUGGER-MUGGER IN THE LOUVRE, by Elliot Paul. More murder and merrymaking by that little group on the banks of the Seine. Homer Evans, of "The Mysterious Mickey Finn," once again plays at sleuthing. This story ranges from genuine hilarity to forced silliness, but its high spots should make you laugh fit to die.

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